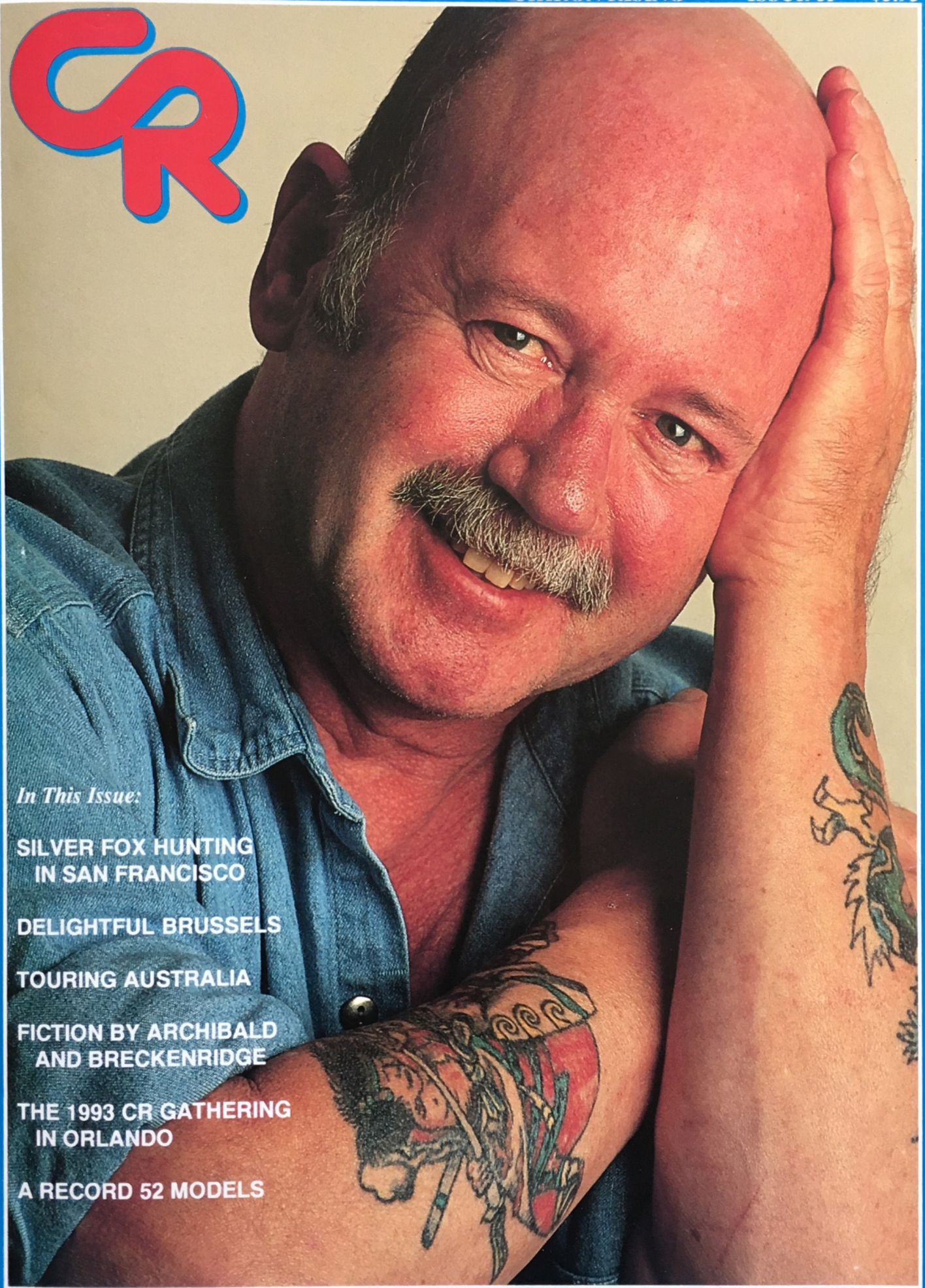
MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 53 $5.95

CR



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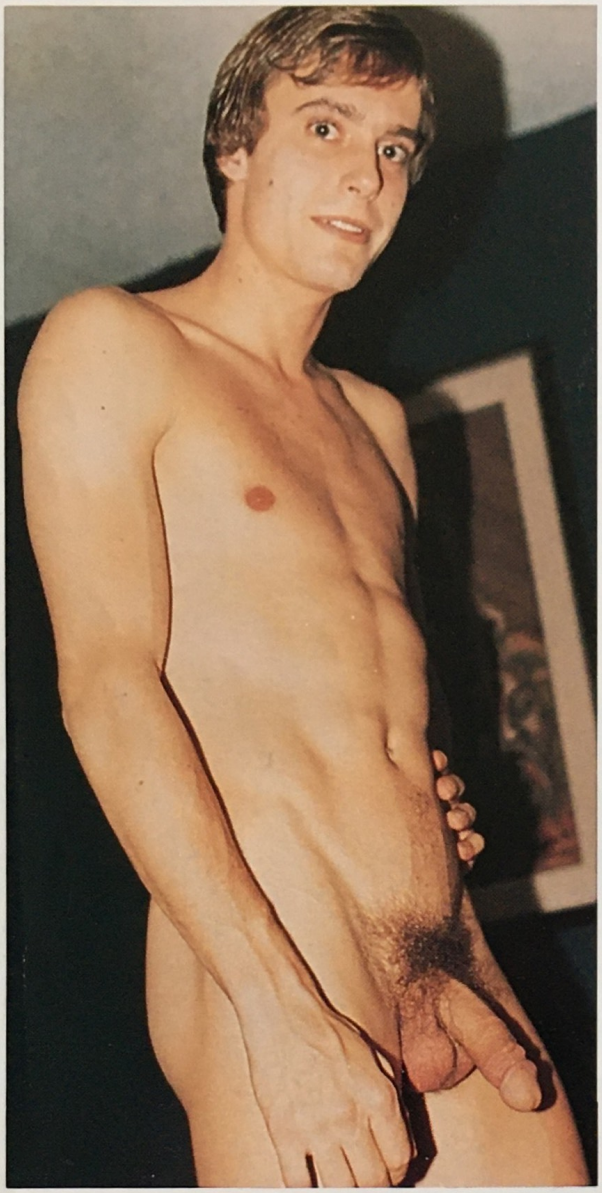
TOURING AUSTRALIA

FICTION BY ARCHIBALD AND BRECKENRIDGE

THE 1993 CR GATHERING IN ORLANDO

A RECORD 52 MODELS

ADULTS ONLY



ROOKIE
photo by
ALLAN

IAETOS
photo by
WOTAN

KARL
photo by
SIMBA

BELLYWARMER
a self-portrait

CHIRON RISING ™ MAGAZINE
ISSUE 53

CHIRON·RISING

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CHELSEA WILLIAMS

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CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFE-MATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

F O R U M

THE BOOK STORE FACTOR

A short note of appreciation for what your publication is doing for the cause of older gay men. I came across my first issue (#50) quite serendipitously in June of this year in a gay and lesbian book store here in Vancouver. Needless to say it was something of a revelation; I had no idea that anything of the sort existed. I am 45 years of age and have been attracted to men over 60 all of my life. As a consequence, I have never really fit into the local gay scene which is, like most such communities in North America, intensely intolerant of age. I immediately took out a subscription and ordered the available back issues, and am enjoying them immensely. I am also now corresponding with a wonderful man I contacted through your forwarding service. My profound thanks. Though what I am saying you have undoubtedly heard numerous times in many previous letters, I cannot begin to express what a marvelous service you are performing. Thanks and keep it up. M.F./Vancouver, BC

First a hearty thank you for publishing such a magazine. It was my good fortune to find a copy of CR in a book store last week while on vacation in Salt Lake City. I'd never encountered your publication at the book store that I frequent. For this reason you are receiving my subscription. Being Catholic and someone who considered the priesthood, I found the article concerning THE PADRE (#50 IN CLOSING) quite interesting. Thank you for forwarding my letter to him. Eventually I hope to muster enough intestinal fortitude to send a photo and/or place an ad. What is stopping me is living in a small Indiana rural community and being widely known because of my profession in the medical field. Thanks again for CR. The Irishman/Indiana

For over 25 years I thought I was one of only a few who admired older men. Issue #51 is a heart-stopping experience for me! Page 33 is beautiful. So are you, C.J., BAY AREA TOP, WALTER MITTY . . . . Tell them I'm dreaming of them! I'm 43, 5'-10", 195#, balding, and feeling better about it since seeing your magazine. Tell all your models that I don't see a dog in the issue. Hope to subscribe after I move out of the city. Meanwhile, I'll find you at Chosen Books. C.B./Detroit

I did a little undercover work for you in New York's Village book stores. Oscar Wilde Books still doesn't carry CR. Mags-R-Us, on the other hand, carries current copies of CR and back issues as well. (Store's name withheld) had the latest issue, but a display copy was not on the rack. When I went to the front desk to ask for a copy, I informed the clerk of the missing display issue. His attitude was cavalier, to say the least. They have been like that a lot lately. Their common line is that display copies of CR always seem to "vanish" or "develop legs." In short, they are shoplifted. If this is not true, then I don't appreciate the fact that others are being used as scapegoats for the store's lack of security. But if it IS true, then I am bothered even more. Your readers need to know that stealing an issue of CR can have very bad results. For starters, the store loses money due to lost sales, which could lead to the store NOT carrying CR in the future. Next, it deprives someone who does want to buy an issue. It might be the lifeline they may desperately need. Also, if an issue of CR is not visible, how will your readers know it is available? To those readers who can't afford to buy CR, ask for a gift subscription, PLEASE! Don't be embarrassed. That's what they're there for: assisting needy readers. And please don't feel you're harming CR by asking. That's why people like me contribute money towards gift subscriptions. There is one more reason not to lift CR: it's illegal and you may get caught. End of moralizing. On another note, I know from previous issues that you are opposed to graphic sexual poses or acts. But I believe that a separate special issue featuring models with erections and couples in some sexual situations would be a monster seller. Issue 51 is GREAT! Too hot for words. D.S./New Jersey

We tried the porn specials route, but they didn't sell that well. As a matter of fact, FALL/WINTER '90/'91 (SANCTUM), the last of our graphically sexual issues, is still on sale! We will begin to moderately "heat" up CR over the next few issues, complete with more erotic fiction and more provocative photography. But we won't go back to porn. Regarding the ripped-off display copies, CR has the dubious distinction of being the most passed around, borrowed and stolen magazine in the business. Why? The ogre syndrome. Lots of guys don't want even a sales clerk to know that they like (shudder) ***older*** *men. PHC*

For most of my gay life I have lived with one man. I'm 47 and my lover is 73. On July 9th, we celebrated our 22nd year together. We have an open relationship, but with all the news about sexually transmitted diseases, we choose not to play around. Which is fine with me, because we live in a small town in central Virginia. For all of my gay life (27 years), when I said I liked older, hairy men, my so-called friends would say that I was sick. "No one likes fat old men." Even my lover said that he didn't understand why, but he was glad that I did. Everyone I know likes young, muscular guys. My lover likes 18 to 24-year-olds. All the books and movies I came in contact with featured young guys. After many years of being told that I was sick for liking older men and not knowing anyone that liked the same type of men, I began to believe it myself. I drive a bus for a tour company out of Richmond, so one day last July I was in Virginia Beach with a charter and nothing to do. I started walking the streets and went into an adult book store. It was like I was being guided. I went straight to the rack with CR and saw that good-looking KARL (#48) on the front cover. When I read "Maturity With Class," it was like a new life opened up to me. I paid $7.50 for the issue without a second thought. It was the best $7.50 I have ever spent. I ran/walked the seven blocks back to the bus to have some privacy when I opened your magazine. Older men in the nude! I couldn't believe it! I flipped nervously through the pages until I came upon PETER OF AMSTERDAM. Wow, what a hunk! But when I turned the page and saw THE BANKER, I almost fainted. BANKER, you don't know the nights I've thought about you. Until that day I had never seen a picture of an older man in the nude. Now it is October and I have seven of your magazines and three of P.R. Simon's videos. You've changed my life. I look at people in a different way. My relationship with my lover is better, and I feel good about myself. I'm in love all over again. Yes, with my lover and life itself.

Thank you, CR. This is what I needed. H.R./Virginia

First, I would like to thank you for putting together such a good 'zine and in such a serious yet delightful tone. There is no doubt of the love and care between all of your staff and contributors! And also say hi to JOHN BEAR for me since it was his good looks that caught my eye in our recently opened local book store. If it weren't for his award-winning smile and drop-dead moustache, I would never have seen CR. I am a baby—only 25 years young—and have always loved mature men. There is only one tiny problem: I can't seem to convince them that I am not a hustler and want a real friend. They seem to think I am some kind of dunce not to be taken very seriously! I moved here to central Florida and thought I would be in heaven, but it seems that self-esteem here is pretty low. I used to think that maybe I was just plain ugly, but that changed about two years ago when I met a 38-year-old Bear with silver fur. Well, little me fell in love for the first time, and he made me realize that I am an attractive guy (Hispanic, 5'-9", 230#, mildly furry black and brown). That got my life a good kick-start. Unfortunately for me, though, he found The Lord and decided to re-marry his ex-wife and take everything I had (except for my computer) with him. Hard blow, but I've learned to roll with the punches. Now I am back on track, but men (my type, anyway) still don't take me seriously! I invited this older gent to a Four Tops concert, but he said that I shouldn't be condescending to him. Now he doesn't return my calls any more. And I happen to like the Four Tops! Maybe I should put an ad in your 'zine. Well, I thought I'd let you know how good it felt reading #51. I'd love to see JOHN BEAR and GREYBEARD without any clothes. One last question: what does Chiron Rising mean?

Chiron was the king of the centaurs in mythology. Chiron is also a planetoid (or asteroid or whatever) that is considered important and is currently being charted in astrological circles. Both THE FRIAR and I have the celestial body on our ascendants (rising) in our natal charts. Some people have Jupiter or Mars rising. We have Chiron rising. Since few people follow astrology or mythology—and since most people can't pronounce it anyway—we've been leaning toward CR. PHC

CRITICISM, INSULTS, BEEFS

Came across CR (Issue 50) in a Berlin book store ($15!!). Such a pleasure to find such a journal. Upside: fiction writing, travel article on Madrid and artwork of ABE, RAM, MASCOT and DAVID. Downside: the "models" (except for BIG PAW). Too many young and/or fat fellows, and the editorial tone is "insider" chatty, which is maybe quite meaningless to the general reader. But I'll certainly look out for it in the future and perhaps find a way to place an ad. Meanwhile, keep the older guys in focus. Byron/Athens, Greece

I'm writing to let you know that I'm hooked on your publication. I have been a subscriber for about 6 months now. It feels good knowing there are more like me out there that admire a large, heavy-set man. But #51 was dull and unappealing. I understand every issue can't be a winner, but issue 51 stunk. What hurts is you guys know what we want to see. Are you frightened to move forward? What is holding you back? Please, more nude photos. Also, the majority of models in your magazine are awful looking, especially the creature on the cover of (issue number withheld). But there's that 10% I really like. I guess the type of men you're trying to photo are truly hard to find. So please keep up the good work. I'm just trying to tell you what's on my mind. I'm not trying to be insulting. I guess this is one letter I won't be reading in a future FORUM. C.P./Ft. Lauderdale

I want to make a couple of observations about something I read in the FORUM of CR #52. R.K.B./New Jersey wrote of some disappointments in his California visit, and you responded with a strong put-down of West Hollywood in particular. You may not like West Hollywood, but it disturbs me to see you bashing it so heavily in print. I really enjoy this place, and I enjoy CR, and I don't like to see CR bashing the place I now choose to call home. Your response to R.K.B.'s letter seemed a lot more vicious toward West Hollywood than the letter itself, and by printing the heading "FUCK WEST HOLLYWOOD" over the letter, you were thumbing your nose at a huge community of potential allies. CR is a publication read by men who appreciate men, and West Hollywood is full of that particular type of human. I can't account for the demographics of your circulation and why CR sells better elsewhere; but it does seem to me that you have made a needlessly divisive gesture, striking out with hostility at a community you would do better to seek a growing affinity with. In the end, I think we all want the same things! Hope you'll give this some thought. J.J./West Hollywood

We edited J.J.'s letter to exclude 9 paragraphs detailing all the things he likes about West Hollywood. We regret that he saw fit to take offense at the caption and our response to R.K.B./New Jersey's letter; however, we must remind him that captions are mostly paraphrases and summaries of the letter writer's sentiments and do not necessarily reflect our views. I strongly challenge his charge that my response to the letter is in any way a "bashing" or "striking out with hostility" at West Hollywood and suggest he read the segment again with more objectivity. On the other hand, the city isn't exactly a hotbed of CR fanatics. Our estimated readership in West Hollywood is less than 200, which is in stark contrast to an estimated readership in Greater Los Angeles of 15,675. See BRIEFS in this issue for more new demographic information on CR. PHC

It fascinates me to see how you've changed when it comes to criticism. I remember when you would blast a reader when they wrote you an insulting letter. Now you seem to have calmed down and realised that the great majority of criticism you get is at the hands of childish, selfish and laughably ignorant readers. J.K./Sarasota (#52) is an example of all three of the above characteristics. *Either do your magazine my way, or I'll drop out.* Your detractors and critics seem to come in four categories. First you have the hot shot who reads the magazine for the first time and shoots from the hip (usually hitting his big toe), completely missing the essence of what you stand for. Secondly, there is the bore who wants so desperately to see his letter printed that he reaches deeply into the bag for a cheap shot. He tries to soften the insults with meaningless compliments. Thirdly, enter the jerk who over-reacts to some comment or feature and goes off the deep end, forgetting all the 99.99% he previously gushed over. Last comes the misfit whose life is 100% negative in every way. You're better off

without him, his need for the magazine notwithstanding. He's poisoned his life beyond repair and will only put a damper on your network. Eventually you'll reach those thousands of potentially prime readers who will propel you to success. I am a prime reader: someone who doesn't always love everything you publish but respects your hard work too much to insult you with witless or unfair criticism. G.D./Toronto

A HOT TIME IN MUNICH

Having a wonderful time here with MICHAEL OF GERMANY. Thank you both and PAPA BEAR for inviting me to the Contributor's Gathering. You two have sure made a most positive impact on my life. Without CR I would never have met such a beautiful human being as MICHAEL OF GERMANY. Wait until you see me dressed in Bavarian Costume! HORNED TOAD

And as a post script:

That's a lot of bull what HORNED TOAD is writing. Don't believe a word. He was, however, king at Club Sieben. All the best. MICHAEL OF GERMANY/Munich

A HOT TIME ALL OVER EUROPE

I hope you and THE FRIAR are both doing well. I had an interesting visit with HANSRUDOLF in Switzerland. We spent about an hour taking nude pictures of each other and I hope there will be something I can submit to CR. Where do you keep finding such interesting and good-looking men? Don't you think you could find some in the Spokane area so that I might have the chance to meet them? The memory of the Contributor's Gathering is still with me, and it was exciting to tell HANS all about it. Have you decided on a time and place for the gathering in 1993? Will you have both east and west coast gatherings? I have had some wonderful experiences here in Europe. Munich was great with tickets for Il Trovatore, Marriage of Figaro, Boris Godunov, Der Rosenkavalier, Die Meistersinger and a Fischer-Dieskau lieder recital. There are men in London, Amsterdam, Würselen, Munich, Rome, Switzerland and now Frankfurt whom I would like to ship to Spokane for me alone. I'm hoping there will be others to meet during these last 4 weeks. Today I took in 11 rolls of film—over 400 pictures—to be developed and printed. I tried to capture memory of places and people. There is only one instance I regret not taking a picture: when I met that wonderful man in a Rome bar. I'm planning a "Back From Europe Party" to show my pictures in October. JACOB/ Frankfurt (prior to returning to eastern Washington)

ANOTHER RUSSIAN BEAR LOVER

Thanks for being! It has given me hope! The best is yet to come. Play safe and don't mind the aftershocks. Does RUSSIAN BEAR need a young swim instructor? BUBBA/ Rochester

BIG D HAS GONE AND TIED THE KNOT

Thank you from the very bottom of my heart. If it were not for you and your publication, we would never have found each other, and this wonderful union would not have happened. We fall deeper and deeper in love each passing day and are still in awe of how wonderful it is. We had both almost given up hope of ever finding that magical thing called love, but here it is and we owe it all to you. We only hope that those many lonely people keep on looking. BIG D and Bill/Sacramento

MATURE MEN WITH FLESH!

What a blessing to find a publication for mature men that have flesh! I'm 46, 6'-2", 270# and have always found men with girth to hug and extra flesh to feel the most sensuous. It's nice to know that there are those that appreciate the same and want MEN, not refugees from some gym or 20-year-old boys who lost their way from some beach. By the way, I resemble the stocky guy in ELF's drawing (Issue #51). Most likely, by the time you read this, I will have one hell of a sore dick from the photos of BIG PAW, WALTER MITTY and HORNED TOAD. Look forward to seeing more! T.M./Northern California

THE THUNDER OF A BIG MAN

It is indeed a special thrill for me to see masculine, older men whose sex appeal is no less diminished by age. While I may never know what it is to feel the thunder of a big man whatever his age, it is nice to at least see what I am missing. Until a few months ago, I didn't know such publications were actually available. I cannot explain what mesmerizing effect large men have on me, but then I do not expect anyone else to justify what is sexually exciting to them. So in the end, we all have our own reasons, and until the day I turn up my toes and cannot spend those pennies on my eyes, I will be more than enthusiastic over big men. Rather than rave on endlessly, I want to state that your magazine was a great surprise, and some of the men featured looked very attractive to me. I look forward to receiving six more issues of CR! C.B./Canada

HONOR THY FATHER . . .

I am living on a fixed income and have been since this past January. There has been turmoil in my family concerning our father, who has not been seen or heard from since he walked away from an Indiana state mental institution in July, 1948. I have spent precious amounts of money to try and find him to no avail. Now I want to buy an internment space in a local cemetery and place a small marker in his memory. (Boy have grave spaces and markers soared in price in the last ten years!) My three brothers and two sisters have mixed feelings about this, and not one of them wants to help with the expenses. So I am taking it upon myself to do this. After all, I tell them, if he hadn't been here, none of us would be here either. I think we at least owe him this much. Certain members of my family act as if he never existed. So you see what I'm up against. Also, some brothers and sisters don't talk to me because I am gay. As soon as I can overcome this problem about my father, I'll again subscribe to CR because I enjoy all the stories, etc. It will take another five to six months to take my mission to a successful conclusion, so until then please bear with me. L.E./ Indiana

This letter really hit home. My father, a paratrooper staff sergeant, mysterious died of suffocation in France in 1945 after having survived the Battle of the Bulge. Although I've been obsessed for years with finding out the circumstances surrounding his death, neither the VA, my father's homophobic family, nor his fellow soldiers were ever willing to elaborate on the subject. L.E./Indiana was given a donated subscription. We wish him luck in his quest to honor his father. PHC

THE PSA TEST

I wanted to comment that I felt you handled the Prostate Cancer matter very well in Issue #51's HEALTH section. The other

items on those pages were also very informative and of concern to all of us. In late August, I had my 3rd PSA test and visited my urologist. The result on the PSA was 3.8, up only one-tenth from the reading from last March. So, good news! The urologist says to keep taking the test every six months in order to keep on top of it. I really enjoyed the letter from OUTBACK JACK and your report and photos from the Russian River Contributor's Gathering. N.C./Ohio

Thank you for the gift renewal to my subscription. Trying to live on a social security pension of $600 a month is difficult. But to make matters worse, I have prostate cancer. I think they caught it in time, however. Please remind your readers to get a PSA test and to make sure their urologist takes Medicare assignments. My surgery was successful so far, thanks to the PSA and a sonogram. But the costs that I have to pay that Medicare doesn't are awesome. C.E./Texas

TWO GREAT OFFERS FROM AUSTRALIA

Thank you for my first issue of CR. I'd heard of your magazine before but had not bothered to subscribe because I felt there was no point in making contact with yet more people from overseas. However, my first reading has made me more than enthusiastic—and hopeful. I am basically a person who enjoys monogamous relationships. I get accused of trying to copy the straight role model of marriage, but that is not so. It is just how I am made. I have had two relationships, each lasting seven years, and one went almost directly on to the next. They were the happiest 14 years of my life. But it has been nearly 20 years since the last one ended. I am now 67, but because of the less-than-frenetic pattern of my life, I am still in pretty good shape. I do carry one or two extra pounds but am still physically active. I still work as a music teacher which helps the mental processes to keep going. I live in a delightful part of Australia with secluded surfing beaches and mountains rising to about 2,500 feet—all within five miles of my home. I am 100 miles from Sydney, which you will know is Australia's largest and gayest city. Lately I have begun to reach out more for those offspring I never had, rather than for an all-embracing love affair. The relationship must be a caring, affectionate one and need not include sex, although that is an option. After having read my first issue of CR I am optimistic enough to believe that one day soon that person will come into my life. Even if he does come from overseas and can only be physically with me for a few weeks, then I will welcome him. I welcome all races, although my preferences are blacks and Asians. And even if he doesn't want to be my son-lover but is planning to come to Australia, I urge him to come and spend a few days with me. And even if he hadn't thought about coming to Australia, perhaps he should start thinking about it now. Australians love Americans and whilst we basically speak the same language and are similar, there are enough differences to make things interesting. G'Day mates! OCKER/New South Wales, Australia

A somewhat worn copy of your February '91 CR came into my hands a couple of days ago. I have to confess that I had no idea of its existence. Unfortunately, one or two pages have been torn out. Consequently, I have difficulty perceiving the correct approach to replying to any of the ads, or the placing of ads in your periodical. I realize that your mag is more suited to persons resident within the US. Nevertheless, there must be a small percentage of overseas readers who wish to establish contact. No doubt, the great distance involved would limit their chances. Perhaps you would be kind enough to inform and advise me from your experience as to the success rate achieved by overseas hopefuls. My partner of 29 years lost his valiant five-year battle with bone cancer in March last year. Numerous friends and acquaintances do not compensate for that special someone in one's life with whom one has enjoyed mutual caring and sharing. It occurred to me that friendship with an American might provide pleasurable holiday exchanges, or, if a relationship should develop, then relocation of either party might be a possibility. If this arrangement is not governmentally permissible, immigration being tight on both sides of the ocean, then maybe an arrangement could be made to spend half the year in each country. Being a health and body-conscious type, I am particularly interested in well-preserved guys in their 50s upwards to about 70. CAL on page 18 and SENSUAL on page 31 are my style. I am 68, of good physique (three days a week at a gym), 5'-8", 41" chest, 34" waist, 161 pounds, and my interests range from the arts to the outdoors. My three-bedroom house with pool is situated on water with a jetty and 20-foot cruiser. Although open-minded regarding the location of American possibilities, I am more attracted to the West Coast, Florida or, closer still, Hawaii. Our local publications are geared more to those below middle age, though why the very young find it necessary to resort to this form of contact beats me. Surely young people have so many ways of meeting up with their peers. It does become more difficult as one ages, and you wisely took note of this fact and acted upon it. I therefore commend you for catering to the mature male. L.L./Queensland, Australia

AND A GREAT OFFER FROM ENGLAND, TOO!

Many thanks for the pleasure your magazine gave me last Christmas when a friend lent me his collection for safekeeping whilst his mother visited him! I had many hours of entertainment and excitement from CR and was encouraged by your very positive attitude to life. Now that I am coming to the end of my first visit to the United States (a fortnight's Scottish Country Dancing tour of New England), I have been disappointed not to come across CR. I am therefore risking our English Customs' wrath by sending a subscription. This fortnight has been a rare break as I am not able to get out and about much at home. My 86-year-old lover lives with me, and after two strokes and many heart problems, he does not like to be left on his own for long. He tries hard, though, and I love him very much. His son is caring for him while I am away. I have been thrilled by New England: I was quite unprepared for its beauty and charm. I was surprised how bland and sanitized it is, though, and it would have been good to have run into some of your Silver Centaurs! There were some magnificent men at the Highland Games at Loon Mountain near Lincoln, NH, however! My home in Hampstead is near the heath. Your readers may not know of a great institution which we have there: Highgate Men's Pond is a gathering place for nude sunbathing (as well as swimming) and it is frequented by predominantly gay and older men. Although the enclosure was renovated this year (and the pond cleaned of mud) it still retains a special atmosphere and friendliness. I would be glad to direct any of your readers who are visiting London in the summer months to it. S.M./England

We are currently experiencing no problems with English Customs. PHC

B R I E F S by P.H. Colley

AND THEY CALL THEMSELVES JOURNALISTS

I like Camille Paglia, outspoken critic of gay and lesbian political correctness, in-your-face iconoclast, and author of *Sexual Personsae: Art and Decadence From Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*. So it was with great delight that I sat down to read her article in *The Advocate*'s Vox Populi (Issue 612). This militant, delightfully obnoxious, free-thinking lesbian nailed the strident, repressive gay activists to the wall with one of the most scorching indictments I've ever read. I couldn't believe that *The Advocate*, of all magazines, would publish Paglia's views. I wondered if they were turning over a new leaf: that of trying out serious, unbiased journalism for a change. But no such miracle. Paglia writes to the Advocate in response to the editors' change of a caption in her published piece:

"The crude and vulgar headline CAMILLE PAGLIA DEFENDS HER ROTTEN RECORD that was attached without my permission to my Vox Populi article is a perfect example of everything that is wrong with gay activism today. *The Advocate* warmly solicited that piece from me, asked me to begin with a question, and courteously provided me with a fax of the final galley, with its original headline, HAS THE GAY PRESS TREATED CAMILLE PAGLIA UNFAIRLY? This last-minute sabotage of the headline was unethical, unprofessional, and just plain stupid. Incidents like this prove my point: Smug, juvenile political correctness is strangling free speech in too much of the gay and feminist world. I invite others to join my campaign against the Stalinists among us. *Camille Paglia, Philadelphia, PA*"

Where do we sign up, Camille? Look for Paglia's new book *Sex, Art, and American Culture* at your book store.

IN LOVING MEMORY

We regret to advise that model GATOR passed away on March 20, 1992, as a result of complications related to AIDS. He was born on June 19, 1940, and lived in Tampa, Florida. He will be sorely missed.

CR DEMOGRAPHICS

Several readers and potential advertisers have asked us to publish our readership figures by area. The following is a breakdown based on a consultant's readership survey of last year (wherein we found that the average CR copy is passed around and read by approximately 20 people), our previous distributor's latest record of CR retail sales figures by area, our subscription sales figures, and the sales figures for regular and occasional mail order buyers. Look at it this way: If you place an ad in CR, it can be seen by the following readers:

NORTHEAST	
New England	10,300
Upstate NY	2,800
Greater NYC (incl. No. NJ & L.I.)	28,776
Eastern PA & So. NJ	3,000
Western PA & WV	1,665
Michigan	4,200
Ohio	9,900
Greater Washington, DC (incl. MD & VA)	16,000
Total NORTHEAST	76,641
SOUTHEAST	
Georgia	4,191
The Carolinas	2,244
Florida	11,451
Balance (AR, MS, AL, LA, TN, KY)	4,003
Total SOUTHEAST	21,889
CENTRAL	
Illinois	9,700
Minnesota	2,000
Missouri & Kansas	3,429
Indiana	1,420
Balance (IA, SD, ND, NE OK)	1,890
Texas	6,270
Total CENTRAL	24,709
CALIFORNIA	
Above Bay Area	3,762
Bay Area	17,523
Central	1,060
Greater L.A.	15,675
Greater San Diego	3,762
Balance So. Cal.	4,984
Total CALIFORNIA	46,766
OTHER WEST	
Colorado	1,287
Arizona	2,772
Washington	3,201
Balance (OR, ID, WY, UT, NV, MT, AK, HI)	4,484
Total OTHER WEST	11,744
Total U.S.	181,749
FOREIGN	
Latin America	300
United Kingdom	1,500
Western Europe	13,340
Canada	4,400
NZ & Australia	800
Japan	7,530
Scandinavia	530
Other	132
Total FOREIGN	28,532
Grand Total	210,281

For those of you who've put off placing ads or sending in photos because you thought there were no readers in your area, think again.

THE 1993 GATHERING IS ON!

Just when we thought that no one would come forth to host the next contributor's gathering on the East Coast, we got a letter from a Florida model/subscriber (and all-around great guy). He suggested that we open up the gathering to everyone and allow him to coordinate the whole thing. Well, since he's done this sort of thing many, many times for some pretty sizeable conventions and is well-known and highly respected by so many of our subscribers, we accepted with a great sigh of relief. It didn't take long to realize that the man knows his business. He lined us up with one of Central Florida's most popular all-gay resorts and booked the entire place just for us. He prepared an extensive report, complete with a budget and all the answers, on how he saw the gathering being handled. This guy is an angel. And guess what? He wants to handle it in 1994, too! Read about the Gathering in the back of this issue. A warning, however: THIS EVENT IS GOING TO SELL OUT QUICKLY, so don't sit on the fence and end up missing it. Register first and work out the vacation time and details later.

COACH BIGGS

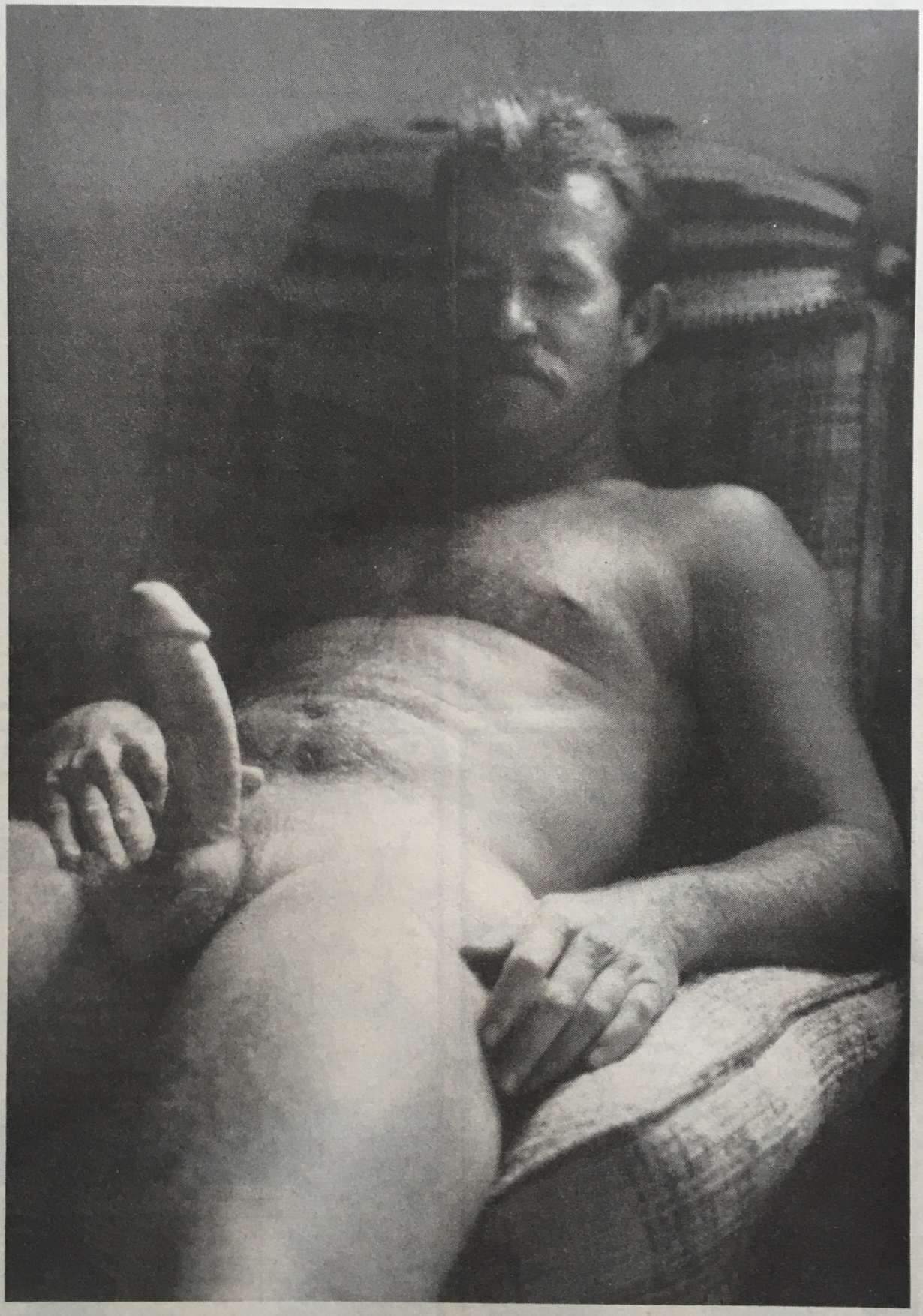
by QUETZAL

PETE, LOOK!
COACH BIGGS FINISHED HIS SHOWER, & HE'S SHOWIN' OFF AGAIN!
HE SURE LOVES TO STRUT HIS STUFF IN FRONT O' THE MIRROR, DON'T HE?
GEE WHIZ, HE MUST HAVE THE BIGGEST THING I EVER SEEN!
YEAH? I THOUGHT YOU SAID MINE WAS, WILLIE!
HECK! I SAID A LOT O' CRAZY THINGS THAT AFTERNOON, PETE!
PRETTY AMAZING, WHAT 2 CANS O' BEER'LL DO TO A GUY!
LIKE I TOLD YA, I GET SLOSHED REAL QUICK ON A EMPTY STOMACH!
SHOWERS
7-14
©QUETZAL 1992

QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

KELLY

photo by K MAC

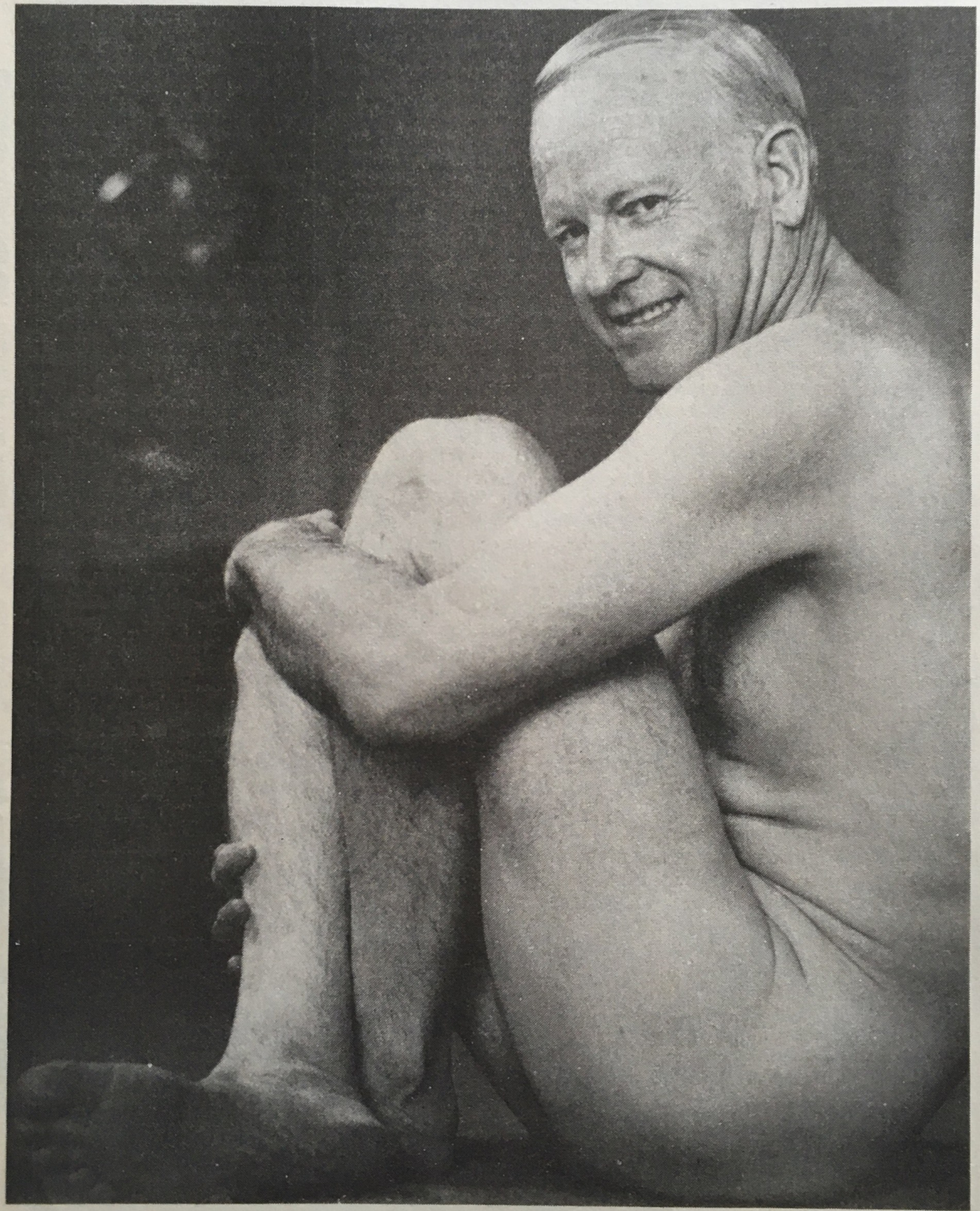


KELLY is 38, a nonsmoker/drinker, HIV negative, and resides near the beach in the L.A. area. He's looking for an older partner and seeks a gentle, loving relationship with a fatherly type, safe only, man-to-man.

THE ARTWORK OF ROMERO

ROMERO is a 28-year-old Mexican-American, Tucson native, industrial painter and art student. He's also hell on wheels with a sketch pad. He seeks no correspondence right now, but he might be willing to sell some of his originals. Contact CR.

BUD II
photo by Anon



BUD II is a San Diego senior who loves all recreational and outdoor activities. He enjoys traveling and quality friendships. He desires a relationship with someone honest and sincere.

H E A L T H

VITAMIN B-12, THE KEY TO GOOD HEALTH?

Vitamin B-12 just may be the most important nutrient for the well-being of the elderly. Since B-12 builds genetic material and is necessary for proper nerve function and human cell repair, the lack of this vitamin can produce such neurological problems as mood changes, weak limbs, memory loss and tingling sensations. It can damage nerves and cognitive functions, and even a mild lack of the vitamin can hurt seniors. "Every elderly person should have his or her B-12 blood level tested by drawing a blood sample," says Professor Victor Herbert of New York's Mt. Sinai School of Medicine. A doctor, lawyer, world-wide authority on B-12 and the author of more than 100 papers on nutrition, Dr. Herbert is the creator of the B-12 blood-level test now used around the world. The elderly lose some ability to absorb nutrients when the stomach no longer produces the hydrochloric acid necessary to utilize B-12 taken in with food. The vitamin therefore cannot travel to the body tissues. The condition, called atrophic gastritis, occurs in 20% of people in their 60s and 40% of those in their 80s. It is feared that some doctors may be misdiagnosing patients as having Alzheimer's disease when they actually are deficient in B-12. Dr. Alan Gaby, who specializes in nutritional medicine in Pikesville, MD, says, "Anybody who comes into my office who is over 70 gets a trial B-12 injection." He follows up by giving patients a series of four intramuscular shots of B-12, B complex and folic acid. Dr. Gaby says that the injections help seniors who are fatigued or depressed. "Fifty percent of people with senile dementia improve when they get B-12," he claims. Other people who are susceptible to developing a deficiency are strict vegetarians (B-12 is present only in beef, pork, fish, fowl, etc) and possibly people who take H-2 blocking medication (Pepcid, Tagamet, Zantac, etc) to limit stomach acid production.

(Sources: *Senior Highlights*, August, 1992; *ST. JOSH*)

POSSIBLE LINK BETWEEN IRON AND HEART DISEASE

A Finnish study published recently suggests a strong link between heart disease and levels of iron in the blood. The study claims that only smoking is a more significant risk factor in causing heart attacks. This is the first study to clinically tie iron to heart disease, and even its authors say more study is needed before medical practice is changed. But the findings support a theory that has been largely discounted for more than ten years. If further research bears it out, the new data could revolutionize the study of heart disease and change the way we think about prevention. The study suggests that the dangers of "normal" iron levels may dwarf those of high cholesterol. While the study was going on, Dr. Jerome Sullivan, a pathologist at the VA Medical Center in Charleston, SC, was uncovering some interesting data on women and Seventh-day Adventist men. He wondered why young women with a genetic disorder causing extremely high cholesterol rarely suffer heart attacks until after menopause. He wondered why women's cholesterol levels change little after menopause, yet their iron levels rise sharply, and so do their heart-attack rates. The implication seemed obvious: without menstrual bleeding, the body retains more iron, and that iron somehow damages the cardiovascular system. He wondered why Seventh-day Adventist men, who eat eggs and dairy products freely but abstain from iron-rich meat, experience only half as many heart attacks as expected of nonsmokers with average cholesterol. And finally he wondered about Harvard chemist Randall Lauffer's 1989 study which showed that while a country's average cholesterol reading may not correspond directly to its heart-attack rate, its combined cholesterol-and-iron count usually does. Until the Finnish study came along, iron theorists like Sullivan had no hard numbers. The Finnish study suggests that the so-called bad cholesterol (LDL) in a man's blood didn't significantly affect his heart-attack risk. But the level of ferritin (the protein that houses iron in the bloodstream) affected it dramatically. Heart attacks were twice as common in men with ferritin counts over 200 than in those with lower readings. And men with both high iron and high cholesterol were fully four times as likely to be stricken. The jury is out on this one, but if you have high cholesterol and want to do something now, see your doctor and have your iron level checked. Unless you have a serious iron deficiency, iron supplements are not a good idea. Avoiding iron-rich meat like liver and fortified cereals may be prudent, too.

(Source: *Newsweek*)

SAFE SEX GUIDELINES

We have been approached by various AIDS organizations and asked to publish the current "correct" safe sex version, but I have refused to do so. Why? Because it is incorrect and has the potential for producing an inordinate amount of anxiety among a group of men who cannot seriously be considered as being high risk. Like the Religious Right, many in the gay mainstream would have you believe that we all are equally at risk—that oral-oriented, anal-oriented, drug-abstainer, drug-user, healthy, unhealthy, low libido and high libido are all swimming in the same infested waters. Gaymain, for whatever reasons, would have the man who has never been remotely at risk, think that a wad of semen he ingested back in 1985 could have infected him with HIV. The truth, according to our source, is this: It is theoretically possible to contract HIV orally, provided there is a cut, abrasion or sore for it to penetrate. THEORETICALLY. But there is no sound evidence to prove that such has ever happened. *There is no scientific substantiation published anywhere.* Researchers have found an enzyme in the mouths of humans that kills the HIV organism, probably before it has an opportunity to enter the body through cuts or abrasions. If you want to be absolutely, 100% safe, then don't have sex, even with a condom. *Just say NO.* We also recommend that you never stand near a window if a thunderstorm is approaching. While you're at it, don't even drive. Too dangerous!

(Source: *MICRO*)

[Publisher's Note: ST. JOSH and MICRO are codenames for medical consultants who wish to occasionally and anonymously donate their expertise to CR. ST. JOSH is an MD specializing in internal medicine in Southern California. MICRO is a microbiologist/AIDS specialist MD practicing in the Northeast U.S. Sorry, but you may not contact these physicians through CR.]

THE REVELATION a fable by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE

It was on his seventh birthday that Homer made the startling discovery that he was somehow different from all the people around him. There wasn't anything physically wrong with him which had set him apart from his tiny, sheltered galaxy of family, friends and school mates. He spoke the same language, ate the same food, caught the same illnesses. He wore the same clothes, played the same games, and sought the same anonymity. Yet, something within him, some nagging inner voice, kept reminding him that somehow he had been set apart, and that pretend as he might, wish that he might not, he would still remain not one of them.

One blustery, winter day, as if by magic, a husky, curly-headed boy entered the hot, stuffy classroom in which Homer sat. Carefully examining this alien being, Homer gloated in certainty that here, at long last, was the one who would take his place, though unwillingly so. Of the latter, he was certain.

Stalking his chosen victim closely on the frozen playground, Homer mercilessly attacked and pinned his stunned prey. Yet, gazing down upon the silent, bloodied face and the frightened eyes which did not understand, which could only plead for mercy, Homer felt no joy in his hollow victory. Only a horrible sadness. For there was no one, not even this alien outsider, who could take his appointed place. It was his, and his alone, for all time.

It was his first and last attack on them. What was the point of assailing them for his being one of them? And so it remained. He would bide his time and await for he knew not what. And in time, he almost forgot . . . forgot that he was not one of them. Until, that is . . . until.

He was a short, beefy sort of man. Easily ignored, usually dismissed. Beyond middle-age, but not yet old, even from Homer's vantage point. Each day at two o'clock, the quiet part of the afternoon, he would enter the shop in which Homer earned his keep, and slowly wander up and down each aisle, carefully selecting an item or two, pausing briefly, almost shyly, wherever Homer worked. To chat. About nothing at all . . . and yet everything.

Seldom pausing in his labor, Homer never saw the eyes which became wistful as they gazed longingly upon him. He never noticed that each day the shirt was a little tidier, the trousers more carefully pressed, the shoes a little shinier, the shave a little closer, the hair a little glossier, and the scent a little sweeter. Homer never noticed. Not once.

Until, that is, he found a carefully folded epistle, the unlettered confession of his rustic suitor, no larger than a matchbook, upon which was printed with the utmost lettered care: PLEASE MEET ME TONIGHT. I LOVE YOU.

Stunned to the quick, Homer had almost learned to forget. He had tried so hard to become one of them. And now, for the first time, Homer saw him. Waiting benignantly from afar as if for a signal from on high. The mask was removed, and in its place was an image Homer could not bear. It was the face of what he, too, would become. Revulsion and horror passed through him, and he fled from the knowing eyes, which once, too, so very long ago, had passed that very same way and had likewise fled. But he knew. He had the time of a lifetime. He would yet wait. Could he do elsewise?

Homer slept but little that night of no end. The once crisp note, now but a tattered rag, read, reread, its letters melting within the hands which burned hotly with newfound understanding. And desire.

Flush with expectation, Homer awaited his arrival in the empty aisle. And as the clock struck two, he came as a groom for his bride. I LOVE YOU, he softly whispered, his breath sweetly spiced. YOU MUST COME, YOU KNOW. TONIGHT. And he softly touched the bared arm, brushing lightly the thick hair, sending invisible tremors through Homer, until at long last, it arose, undaunted, bursting forth in the brilliant flush of anticipation, its ambrosial nectar oozing from the engorged scarlet bloom, straining to stand upright beside the mighty oak, below which it would forever seek shelter and nourishment.

I WILL COME, Homer said, no longer alone, no longer biding his time, no longer the seeker for what he had unknowingly awaited.

TONIGHT, MY LOVE, TONIGHT.

D.W. BRECKENRIDGE resides in the Twin Cities. He is an active volunteer at Quatrefoil Library and enjoys reading, gardening, and corresponding with CR subscribers.

THE POETRY OF PUG SNIDER

FOR LOVERS WHO NEED THEIR "SPACE"

Snug as two bugs, our closeness was new
When you wanted me and I wanted you.
We seldom saw sun, yet no spirits were lighter.
The proverbial spooks could not have fit tighter.
Then you wanted closets. I wanted a view.
Our two tiny rooms, Love, would simply not do.
So I found my terrace and you found your palace.
I stayed in Manhattan. You settled for Dallas.
Lord and master of all I survey,
My apartment deluxe seems larger each day.
And now you have *your* space. Oh, isn't it fine?
I'm wondering if yours is as empty as mine.

PUG SNIDER is a 75ish, silver-haired fox who lives in Illinois with his bearish, slightly younger lifemate. He's a retired journalist and one of the finest writers of poetry and gay erotica in the world today. He would enjoy hearing from guys in Chicago, especially ones who lived on the near-north side near Lincoln Park. We'll be doing another of PUG's great pieces of fiction soon.

GUIDE TO SILVER FOX HUNTING: SAN FRANCISCO

By Tom Silverchase

From its bars to its beaches, restaurants and streets, San Francisco has to be among the world's best places to meet older men.

Believe it or not, The Swallow on upper Polk Street is probably the best place in town. Formerly the White Swallow, the bar dropped the dated "White," added a piano, and picked up the crowd from the now defunct, much lamented Alta Plaza and JJ's. Go after work most days, or between 9 p.m. and midnight, especially on weekends. The bar is blocks uphill from the hustler bars associated with most of Polk Street.

Twin Peaks is the place to go in the Castro. To many, it is the "original" bar for mature men and their admirers. A trendsetter. Legend says that Twin Peaks is the first gay bar in the U.S.—maybe the world—to have large, picture windows facing a busy street. It's great after work for a drink and watching workers emerge from the subway at Market and Castro. It's open from noon until 2 a.m. Luck might plant a hot daddy there at any hour. The crowd is regular—at least in terms of their patronage—partly because $2.50 still buys a highball. They don't sell bottled beer, but a draft sells for $1.50.

Hot older men have also been known to stop into the Lion Pub on their way home from the office or the theater. Inversely, this bar is definitely frequented by younger men looking for older ones. The Lion has been owned by the same man for more than 20 years. There's never been a sign outside the place, which sits on the corner of Divisadero and Sacramento. Over the years, the decor and crowd has constantly changed. It's been a leather bar. A dance bar. Name it. The owner loves seasonal decorations. Lately, the crowd has weighed heavily with young guys, especially on Wednesdays. The music tends to be too loud. The bartenders are always young, but don't be discouraged. If the Lion is dead, go to the Swallow, or vice versa. The crowds can change drastically in the course of an hour. The Lion gets the most crowded after 10 p.m.

The only gay bar downtown is the most recent incarnation of Sutter's Mill, which has been in four or so locations since the 1970s. Stop in for lunch any weekday. The food and service aren't bad. The place is almost never crowded, except on Friday afternoons when it fills with men in suits and ties, some of them older. The bar is on an alley off Bush Street, just downhill from the Grant Street entrance to Chinatown.

The Eagle, a leather bar, can be fun during Sunday afternoon beer bust. If the weather's nice, the back patio will be full of men. Proceeds of the beer busts often benefit a charity. The entertainment can also be very amusing. On days other than Sunday, the Eagle's crowd tends to be more youngish and more serious about leather.

The Galleon, a bar and restaurant near the corner of Church and Market, is worth a stop during the evening. The food and service in the restaurant are decent by San Francisco standards. There's a piano, which livens things up later most evenings. The crowd is mostly older and masculine, though the bar has been known to be frequented by men in drag.

Bars may be the most obvious, but are by no means the only places in San Francisco to meet older men.

During weekday rush hour or lunch time downtown, the sidewalks teem with gorgeous, grey-haired men in suits. The few blocks around Union Square and down Powell Street to Nordstrom are probably the best public turf for cruising older men. Or, walk from Union Square down Post Street a few blocks to Brooks Brothers. The clientele there—and the help—are usually very handsome. The corner of California and Montgomery is roughly the heart of the financial district. There, you'll find fewer tourists and more businessmen.

The opera, the symphony and other showcases of the city's grandeur also present prime opportunities for silver fox watching. Dress in at least a sport coat and tie. San Francisco is very dressy. On opening nights, the crowds can be loaded with gorgeous older men in black tie. If the show is at the opera house, the dress circle bar is the best at intermission for seeing chic people. The men's room in the basement gets the highest volume and, if you're so inclined, has the best urinals for checking out dicks.

If the theater you're attending is in Civic Center, go to Star's beforehand for dinner. The restaurant sets the standard for California cuisine. If you have trouble getting a reservation, or if the menu seems too pricy, go anyway for a hamburger at the bar. Hamburgers don't get any better. Neither does silver fox watching. Be sure to tell the waiter if you have a curtain call.

Try the Double Play restaurant during lunch. It's on 16th Street in the Potrero District, cater-corner from the San Francisco Autocenter. The place has the flavor of old San Francisco, the food's pretty good, and there's almost always a high percentage of attractive men with grey hair. Don't go except during lunch on a weekday.

Many a grey pubic hair has been seen on Baker Beach, the nude beach in San Francisco, near the foot of the Golden Gate Bridge. If the sun is out, any day of the year, it's comfortable to get naked at the north end, where cliffs jut up from the sand and block the wind. In the rare case that there's a sunny, warm day in San Francisco during the summer, 300 yards of naked bodies blanket the beach. Two-thirds are usually men, with a good many grey heads sprinkled through the crowd. On a warm day in January, you can usually see at least a dick or two.

From downtown, go out Geary all the way to 25th Avenue, then hang a right. Go as far as 25th goes and follow the signs to Baker Beach. Nudity is illegal on California's state beaches, as is drinking. Baker, however, is a federal beach and part of Golden Gate National Seashore. It's legal to drink and go naked on most federal beaches.

Lands End, just a few points from Baker as the fish swims, has a reputation as a cruisy area. It is, and the landscape is spectacular. But it's a long hike down to the beach. There are fewer people, and the trade is rougher than at Baker. Then it's a 30 minute uphill trudge back to the car.

A better bet is Muir Beach, which is across the Golden Gate and up Highway One a few miles past Mill Valley. One end is nude. Older men have been spotted on this spectacular Marin County cove, but it's not as cruisy as Baker.

San Francisco really isn't much of a place for book stores any more. Most of the ones in the Tenderloin section are closed or definitely not worth patronizing. However, Frenchy's, on Geary near Polk Street, is occasionally worth a stop. It's big, has lots of magazines (including CR) and has a 25 cent arcade in the back that's still pretty cruisy. It also has "buddy booths" or two booths side-by-side, separated by glass that will un-fog if both parties press a button, like what they see, and don't re-press the button to re-fog the glass.

The baths in San Francisco, as most people know, have long since been closed. However, the Steam Works in Berkeley and the Watergarden in San Jose are still open. Both stay pretty busy, though most San Franciscans won't admit to going. Of the two, the Steam Works is better. For starters, it's closer to San Francisco—about 20 minutes as opposed to almost an hour. The facilities are also nicer and tend to be better-maintained. On evenings around the weekend, decent-looking older men can usually be found in either place.

San Francisco Hot Spots:

BARS:

The Swallow (415) 775-4152
1750 Polk (nr. Washington)

Twin Peaks (415) 864-9470
401 Castro (at Market)

The Lion Pub (415) 567-6565
2062 Divisadero (at Sacramento)

Sutter's Mill (415) 788-8377
10 Mark Lane (between Grant and Kearny off Bush)

The S.F. Eagle (415) 626-0880
398 - 12th (at Harrison)

The Galleon (415) 431-0253
718 -14th (nr. Church and Market)

RESTAURANTS:

Stars Restaurant (415) 861-7827
150 Redwood Alley

Double Play Restaurant (415) 558-8496
2401 - 16th St.

NUDE BEACHES: Baker, Lands End, Muir

EROTICA:

Frenchy's (415) 776-5940
1020 Geary St.

BATHS:

The Steam Works (510) 845-8992
2107 - 4th St.
Berkeley

The Watergarden (408) 275-1215
1010 The Alameda
San Jose

TOM, 30, is a journalist living in Los Angeles with his senior mate. He welcomes comments and any additional information readers may have on places to find Silver Foxes. Write him in care of CR.

DELIGHTFUL BRUSSELS
by BONI

Brussels has perhaps not the most lively gay scene in Europe, but it certainly has a lot to offer a mature man if he's not just looking for the time of his life sexually. A visit to this city may well become one of the highlights in one's European trip.

Before telling you more about the places mature men meet, let me first give you some general information. For American standards, Brussels is a small city and although not confined to a kind of ghetto, all the places listed below are within walking distance of each other. Age, size or looks are of very little importance here. Wherever you go, you'll always find a mixed crowd of mature men and youngsters having a good time together. Another good surprise perhaps is the number of Belgians you'll find who speak English. Wherever you go, you'll always find someone willing to advise and help you in your own language.

I would like to emphasize that the following list is very restrictive and personal, but I am quite sure you'll find what you're looking for by checking out the following places:

HOTELS: The best gay hotel in Brussels is Hotel Mirabeau (Place Fontainas, 18-20), which is situated very near the center of the city. But on request, I can give you more information on some other non-gay hotels, and I can even get you the key to the back door so that you'll have no difficulty taking someone to your room very discreetly.

SAUNAS: Sauna Dinant (rue du Dinant, 41-43) and Sauna Francois (rue du Grand Hospice, 15) both have quite a reputation for being meeting places for mature men.

BLUE MOVIE HOUSE: The Orly Centre (Place Jamar, 9) is particularly packed on rainy afternoons but worth checking out at any time.

CRUISING: Subway station "Place de Brouckere." Proceed to level one. In and around the three public toilets, you'll find all the action you want.

TAVERNS: There are no exclusively gay taverns, but the following are known to be meeting places for mature men and their admirers.

La Lanterne and L'Ibis, both on the Boulevard Anspach, at the right in front of the stock exchange.

Le Falstaff (rue H. Maus, 17)

Le Cirio (rue de la Bourse, 18)

BARS: As said at the beginning, most of the time you'll find a mixed crowd in most gay bars, but the following bars really have the reputation as meeting places for mature men and youngsters who like them.

La Reserve (petite rue Au Beure, 24) - Open on Friday through Monday from 2 p.m. until about midnight. Situated near the Grand Palace in a very old house, it is a very cozy bar with a very friendly crowd.

Le Gerneau (rue de Laeken, 12) - Open on Thursday through Monday from 4 p.m. until dawn. It was only opened recently but will become "the" place in no time. By Belgian standards, a large place where you can bring your dancing shoes. Don't worry if you find the curtains closed—they always are. Just push the door, go inside and enjoy yourself.

L'Ensor (rue de L'Association, 9) - Cozy little bar open every day from 6 p.m. until dawn. The only inconvenience is that it's not situated in the city centre.

As said before, this is only a small selection, so for those amongst you who are interested in knowing more about this country in general and the gay scene in particular, I've prepared a little booklet with some useful information and a complete list of all the gay places in the country. Postage cost being over $3.00, please send 5 International Reply Coupons with your request and perhaps a photo of yourself. I am a real admirer of mature men, and I'm willing to advise you on your next European trip. I welcome any correspondence and photo exchange with mature men.

BONI, also known as model THE BELGIAN (Issue #52) is 43 and lives near Brussels. He can correspond in English, French, German or Dutch, and he knows Europe like the palm of his hand.

THE CULINARY DELIGHTS OF KOOKABURRA

Fads and fashions come and go and are an integral part of the American culture. So it is with food. A recent craze was Cajun cookery and the basis for it: Creole sauce. The dictionary says that Cajun is a corruption of Acadian, a person of Acadian-French descent. The Acadian region in the bayou areas of the Louisiana and Gulf states. In fact, the dictionary goes on to state that a Creole is a person of French or Spanish descent born and reared in a colonial or remote region, especially an intertropical region. It further says the Creoles are a white people who have descended from French and Spanish settlers of Louisiana and Gulf states and have preserved their characteristic speech and culture. Later on, with the mixing of the races, the name "Creole" was also assigned to those with interracial combinations of African, French, Spanish and Native American ancestry. The cooking of the region was named for the people who lived there, and certain elements became the basic Creole sauce.

Here's a sauce created by the Culinary Institute of America in upstate New York:

Basic Creole Sauce

(makes 4 cups)
1/4 cup olive oil
3 cups finely sliced onions
3 cups finely sliced bell peppers
3 cups finely sliced mushrooms
3 tablespoons sugar
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon allspice
1/4 cup wine vinegar
4 cups peeled, seeded, ripe tomatoes

Cook onions, peppers and mushrooms in oil until wilted and soft, but not brown. Add the remaining ingredients and simmer 2 hours, stirring occasionally. This sauce may be used over fish, chicken, shellfish and/or meat. It's even good on a baked potato or over rice.

We're always looking for different ways to serve fish. Here's a way to serve white fish fillets:

Creole Flounder

(serves 4 to 6 people)
2 lbs flounder fillets
1 cup uncooked brown rice
2 cups poultry stock (or poultry broth thickened with 1 teaspoon agar agar flakes)
1 bay leaf
2 tablespoons canola oil
1 medium onion, chopped
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 large green bell pepper, chopped
1/2 teaspoon fresh thyme (or 1/4 teaspoon dried thyme)
1/8 teaspoon cayenne pepper
2 cups crushed stewed tomatoes (or 15 oz can)
2 teaspoons soy sauce
1/4 lb medium size shrimp (optional), peeled, cooked, deveined

Steam the fish for 10 minutes until just cooked (the flesh should remain firm). Break the flounder into pieces and set aside. In a medium size sauce pan, bring rice, stock and bay leaf to a boil. Reduce the heat, cover and simmer for 40 minutes until the rice is tender. Heat the oil in a large skillet. Add the onion, garlic, pepper. Sauté until the onion is translucent and the pepper loses its crunch. Stir in the thyme, cayenne, tomatoes and soy sauce. Cook the mixture until it begins to boil. Remove the bay leaf from the rice and stir in all but one cup of the sauce. Add shrimp (if used) and fish to the sauce left in the skillet and cook for a minute or two, until the fish is heated through. Spoon rice on serving dish and arrange fish on top. If you prefer the sauce hotter (spicier), increase cayenne pepper, or add 1/2 teaspoon red pepper flakes.

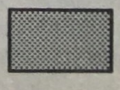
As a vegetarian, my newest "find" is using TVP (textured vegetable protein). I've had TVP granules, flakes, strips and chunks with flavors ranging from Italian to Mexican to African to Indian, but Creole cookery sounded like a great way to use chunky TVP.

TVP in Creole Sauce

(serves 4 generously)
1 cup TVP chunks
1 tablespoon ketchup (optional)
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 medium onion, chopped
1 green pepper, diced
2 ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded, chopped (or a 16 oz can of stewed tomatoes)
1 clove garlic, minced
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon salt (or 1/2 teaspoon Louisiana hot sauce)
pinch of cayenne pepper

Put TVP chunks, ketchup and boiling water in a cup. Let stand for 10 minutes. Microwave olive oil, onion and pepper in a covered quart casserole for 3 minutes on 70% (medium high) power. Add tomatoes, garlic, bay leaf, salt and cayenne to onion mixture. Cover and simmer in microwave for 10 minutes on 50% (medium) power. Cover TVP chunks tightly and microwave for 10 minutes on 70% (medium high) power. Add the TVP chunks to sauce. Cook covered on high for 3 minutes. Remove and discard bay leaf. Serve over brown rice or noodles.

KOOKABURRA, author of 4 cook books, is an internationally renowned gourmet microwave chef who lives in Florida. Although retired, he still teaches classes for seniors. He's also a vocalist and master of ceremonies for a 4-piece band which entertains at retirement and nursing homes. He's friendly, loyal, and crazy about tall people. He's also a strict vegetarian.



REVIEWS

TELEVISION

by P.H. Colley

"May-December Gay Relationships"
THE JENNY JONES SHOW
Aired October 15, 1992, in wide syndication.

A producer for "The Jenny Jones Show" approached me in August and asked if I could provide her with a list of couples who would agree to appear on the nationally syndicated show for a discussion of May-December gay relationships. She wanted couples with wide age disparities, and the younger ones had to be in their late teens, twenties or early thirties. Since I was in the middle of completing the novel for the Fall/Winter special and struggling through a change in distributors, I almost took a pass. But then I realized that if the show had the right panelists, several good things might come out of it. Making her promise that CR would get a good plug and that there would be no homophobic "plants" in the audience, I agreed to do the footwork for her.

Running up an astronomical phone bill in the process, I finally located five CR couples who reluctantly agreed to throw their names in the hat after I assured them that CR would benefit. Two couples would agree only after I promised that there would be no ranting and raving homophobes planted in the audience, like on so many other shows. I guess I should have become suspicious after the executive producer started calling the candidates and asking if they could get a hostile relative or ex-wife to agree to come on the show "for the sake of controversy."

After the show was taped on September 18th, I found that only three of the five couples I'd lined up had been chosen to appear. Then I heard that the notorious homophobe, Paul Cameron, had been planted in the audience and that CR had only been mentioned once on air. Although two of our couples had found the taping a positive experience, a third felt betrayed, as did I.

The original producer called me after hearing of my displeasure, imploring me to keep an open mind and to watch the show before making any judgments. She said that Jenny Jones and all the brass thought the show was one of the best gay-related discussions ever produced on the talk-show circuit. I told her that I would keep an open mind, but that I was highly pissed over being used. (Later I found out that this tactic is used by all the talk shows.)

When the show aired on October 15th, I was immediately impressed with the exceptional poise and glow of the panelists, which consisted of photographer/model JOEL and his mate, model THOM; model GENTLE BEN and his mate, Casey; L.A. subscribers and special supporters, Kent and Wayne; and a couple unknown to us. These guys were ON! They were witty, cool, occasionally hilarious and vivacious. They looked like movie stars!

Mr. Cameron didn't come across well at all and no doubt embarrassed the producer whose idea it was to have him on. When Jenny pushed a microphone into his face, his remarks were bizarre and often times unintelligible. But our guys dispatched him with a few razor-sharp retorts, and it wasn't long before Jenny gave up on him. Think of what a masterpiece the show would have been without him. If they wanted to spark controversy by planting a homophobe in the audience, then why didn't they get one who could perform? Granted, it made our side look that much better in the eyes of the audience, but JOEL, THOM, GENTLE BEN, Casey, Kent, Wayne and the two other men were so hot that they could have made asses of Pat Buchannan, Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell combined!

Our special brotherhood got a lot more out of this than I had anticipated. The mainstream got a good look at the homo-masculine community (which is a far cry from what they see on most talk shows with homosexual themes) and perhaps a few previously homophobic men and women will begin to change their attitudes. We helped dispel the old-fool-with-boytoy stereotype and banish the stigma of younger loving older. In additional to JOEL's verbal plug, CR got a very quick—and very, very important and valuable—"Special thanks to Chiron Rising Magazine" as the credits rolled at the end. That kind of credit can be parlayed into some great publicity.

For those of you who would like a copy of the videotape, contact MEDIA TECH, 110 W. Hubbard St., Chicago, IL 60610, attention: Ellen Schurecht. Mention the Jenny Jones show of October 15, 1992, entitled, "May-December Gay Relationships." You can call (312) 828-1146 for credit card orders, or you can send a check or money order in U.S. funds. The following prices include all taxes, postage and handling: Illinois: $19.93; New York or California: $19.97; all other states except AK and HI: $18.45; Alaska or Hawaii: $28.45; Canada: $38.45. For overseas orders, please contact MEDIA TECH's Ellen Schurecht for pricing.

VIDEO

by EXOCET

"Bustin' Apart At The Seams" - 60 minutes
Maximum Density Productions
13601 Ventura Blvd. - Suite 137
Sherman Oaks, CA 91423

This volcano of a video features the models of *BULK MALE* Magazine and seems to mirror the perceived philosophy of that magazine's publisher, Rich Berglund: Knock their socks off with your first attempt, then strive to get even better. *BULK MALE*'s first issue was better than most other magazines' fourth anniversary issues, and Maximum Density's first video production is likewise better than 99% of the ones cranked out by the established purveyors of gay porn.

The thing I like most about this video is the diversity of ages, body sizes and sex acts. It was well thought out, and someone took great pains to give it a really classy look. All the models are attractive, masculine, wholesome-looking Bears and Bigmen. No dogs or sleezeballs in *this* bunch.

The first three segments feature twosomes, all of which kick off the action with some refreshing, romantic kissing and caressing. Passion mounts in real time, like real sex. There are no long, drawn-out scenes to make up for the lack of good

material. Not an ounce of monotony in this one, video fans. No let-downs, either. All the segments end with explosive ejaculations, the kind that you would normally back up the tape to see again and again.

But you don't have to do that with "Bustin' Apart At The Seams." Maximum Density does it for you. They apparently use two cameras on all the cum shots in order to provide slo-mo instant replays from different angles.

The last part is a grand finale in the form of an orgy with six (or was it seven or eight?) hot guys, including some from the first three vignettes and some fresh walk-ons. I couldn't believe all the remarkable positions and flying semen!

You just gotta buy this one, gentlemen. Entertainment is the name of the game, and Maximum Density gives it to you in spades.

EXOCET is a deeply closeted retired navy captain living in Newport Beach, California. He prefers to stay anonymous and does not seek mail which requires a response.

[Publisher's Note: Because of a special signatory and various restrictions, you must use a special form to order this video. Please contact Maximum Density for more information or use the forms provided in BULK MALE Magazine.]

MUSIC

by FINNEY EDWARDS

SONG MAKES A COMEBACK

Taking a stab at understanding where it's been, where it's going and why.

In case you haven't noticed it, traditional song is making a comeback, and a lot of people are breathing a collective sigh of relief. Rock and roll is not the end of the world! Rejoice, vocal enthusiasts, and listen up, closed-minded rockers. The music you used to love and cherish (or, depending on your viewpoint, hate and loathe) is once again acceptable to listen to. Quoting Saturday Night Live's Stuart Smalley character: "And that's OK."

Actually, vocal music has never really gone out of style; it just stopped getting played in a mass-market sort of way. Thanks to the resurgent interest in singers like k.d. lang, recent crossover successes like Harry Connick, the surge in popularity of blues survivor, Bonnie Raitt, or jazz hybrids, Tuck (Andress) and Patti (Cathcart), vocal music has never sounded quite so fresh.

In response, every label with an archive of "the original" singers from the great era of "The Vocalist" is jumping on the CD re-issue bandwagon. Some collections are skimpy, others are sketchy. Since I'm just beginning to fully understand this music from an era passed, I will not make comparisons to other sets—I'm still soaking 'em up myself. I will, however, try to put the musical period into perspective:

What made this music special? It was made at a time when the sung word was paramount. Back in the 30s and 40s, vocalists didn't have the benefit of modern high fidelity concert sound systems. If you were lucky, you got a microphone hooked up to a public address system and had to compete with a big band blaring right behind you.

Overall, this music falls somewhere between jazz and pop, yet is married to neither. Thus, when you had to get across a song, you had to project. Also, many of the singers of this time period came up in the all-but-extinct (but hinting-at-a-resurgence) dinner club scene. These were intimate little clubs where the artist could stretch out and interact closely with their audience.

Bruce Springsteen achieved mass popularity by his ability to get down off the rock and roll stage and interact with his audience. (Can you imagine seeing Bruce in a tiny dinner theater?) I guess that in his early days, "The Bottom Line" in New York was close and the concept of intimacy was there.

Getting to the point of all this preaching, Capitol just sent me two discs which I accepted with fascination, given my ever-growing interest in singers like k.d. lang, as well as the legendary Sarah Vaughn.

These two discs titled "Sentimental Journey" and "Sweet & Lovely" are part of a series entitled "Great Ladies of Song." With about 25 songs per disc, these two make a wonderful introduction to a world of music many of us passed over, since it was the music of our parent's generation. There is some great music on these discs which showcase fine moments in the careers of these singers, many of whom were household words at the time.

This music is about a happy period in history, mostly post-World War II. Unlike rock and roll, diction and the ability to hear each word being sung was the priority in this type of music. The sound is lush and romantic. It is wonderful mood music. It is also good background music for parties, cocktail and otherwise.

And it works, too! Try the sultry jazz-swing mid-section of Keely Smith's "I'll Never Smile Again," or the jazz-samba-goes-big-band-swing of Helen O'Connell's "Green Eyes" for a taste of what I'm talking about. Moods evolve and shift. Lush strings and soft vocals give way to swing and gutsy delivery.

These singers were sentimental, but they didn't fool around. In fact, most of them are pretty ballsy! Check out Peggy Lee getting to the point on "Why Don't You do Right" or Ella Mae Morse's "No Love, No Nothin."

Keely Smith kicks off the title track of "Sweet and Lovely," kind of a spiritual preview of what these records are about. Who else do you get for the price of admission? You get more than 75 minutes of music per disc by the likes of Judy Garland, Nancy Wilson, Matha Tilton, Dinah Shore, Kay Starr, Helen Forrest, Peggy Lee, Julie London, Jo Stafford, June Christy, Dinah Washington, Anita O'Day, Mavis Rivers, The Andrews Sisters, June Hutton, The King Sisters, Margaret Whiting and, of course, "Lady Day," Billy Holiday herself.

So, rock and rollers, do you snub these discs out of pride? Or can you be above it all and check out another side of music that is as valid and true in its own way as that of Nirvana, REM or The Sex Pistols.

And, hey you. Yeah, you . . . the one saying, "Ah-ha! The kids are finally wising up and giving up on this rock and roll crap." Not so fast. How about taking a stab at expanding your boundaries as well and understanding what rock and roll is about? Just as much as *you* enjoy being able to easily assimilate the music contained on these new Capitol discs, rock proposes a challenge: to force people to listen more closely. To understand rock and roll (and jazz, for that matter), you have to pay close attention to what is going on, believe it or not. There is always a message to the

music, almost always a statement. And of course, there is the sex and the power, which had not really been discussed very much previously in pop music.

I could go on forever rationalizing: Elvis Presley made our hips move to a new beat that the blues masters had already discovered but had not been able to deliver commercially. Buddy Holly sanitized rock's dark side into a pure pop medium even Mom and Dad had to consider liking. What melodies! Dylan made us study pop lyrics like poetry. The Beatles broke new boundaries, combining pop and rock with the art world, multiple media. Elvis Costello brought back lyricism and angst in the late 70s. The Cocteau Twins somehow imply feelings with their ambient non-language, saying a great deal without saying nothing.

Music is progressing. True, we can't appreciate the future unless we understand the past. But, then we can get stuck in the past and must keep on opening our minds to new ideas. You don't have to like it, but at least try to understand where it's coming from.

FINNEY EDWARDS is a Northern California-based music critic/reviewer who coined his CR name in honor of three of his favorites (actors and otherwise): Albert Finney, Edward Woodward and Ed Asner. FINNEY also writes pop songs and "relaxes" by escaping from the real world in his home recording studio.

COMIX

By KENN RICHIE

"Silver Balls"
New Cartoons from QUETZAL

The wickedly witty QUETZAL is no stranger to CR readers. He serves us well with his bi-monthly ration of giggles. It is cause to celebrate, then, that his precious gift of sly humor is now available in a mini-book in comix form, and it is a HOWL!

In "Silver Balls", our favorite CR stript (and oft totally stripped) characters are joined by several other citizens of QUETZAL's favorite haunts and hang-outs. All are captivating, adorable and recognizable as men we know all too well, sometimes even as ourselves. Still, as they pose in those moments of naughty foolishness that most of us also know only too well (perhaps wishing we didn't), a spirit-lifting burst of laughter is inescapable from every page and panel.

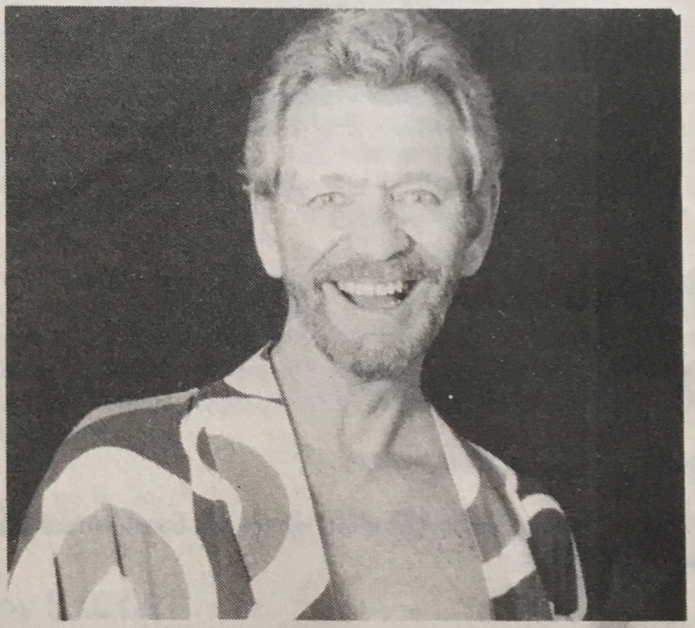
As the comic booklet is compatible in shape (and price) to a deluxe greeting card, the suggestion that it serves perfectly as a gift of humor for virtually any occasion, becomes the season's best shopping hint.

KENN RICHIE is a cofounder and principal contributor. Under another name (his real one) he was an award-winning playwright and even opened a play on Broadway. Many of his screenplays were brought to the screen. He lives in Los Angeles with his cats.

[Editor's Note: See QUETZAL's ad in this issue for ordering information.]

FREDRICK

photo by ED JACQUES



FREDRICK is a tall, trim, healthy, independent, responsible, old-fashioned bottom living in Boston. He seeks men over 55.

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John J. McNeill was a Jesuit for nearly forty years before being expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1987 for his views on gay and lesbian sexuality. Since 1975 he has practiced psychotherapy in New York City.

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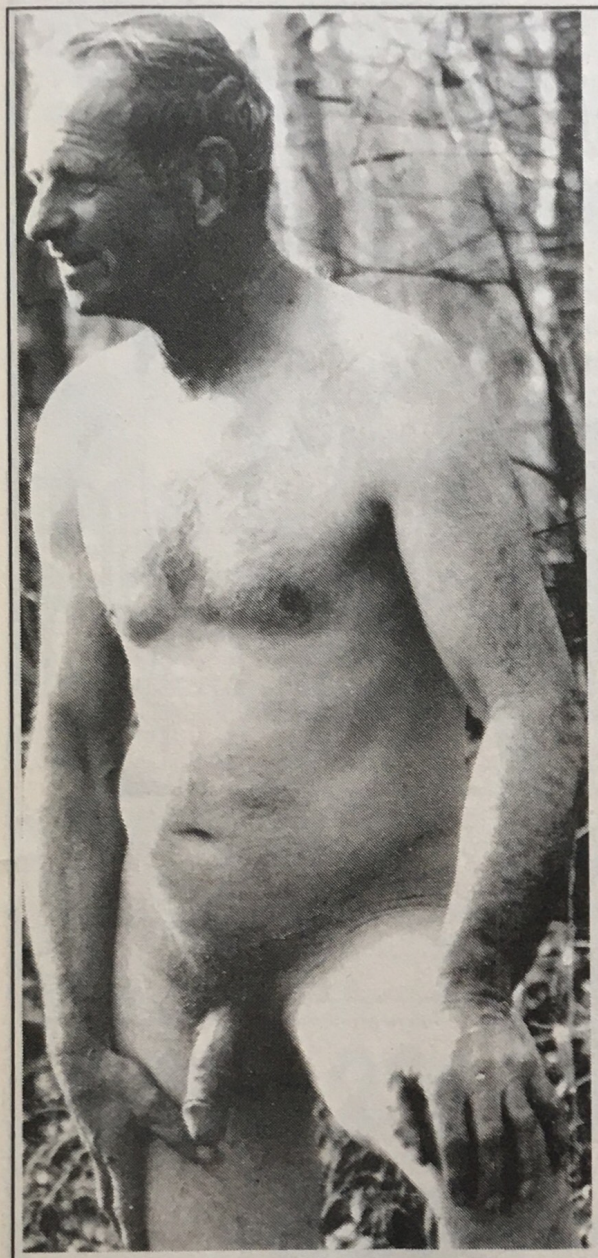


MOUNTAIN MAN

photos by

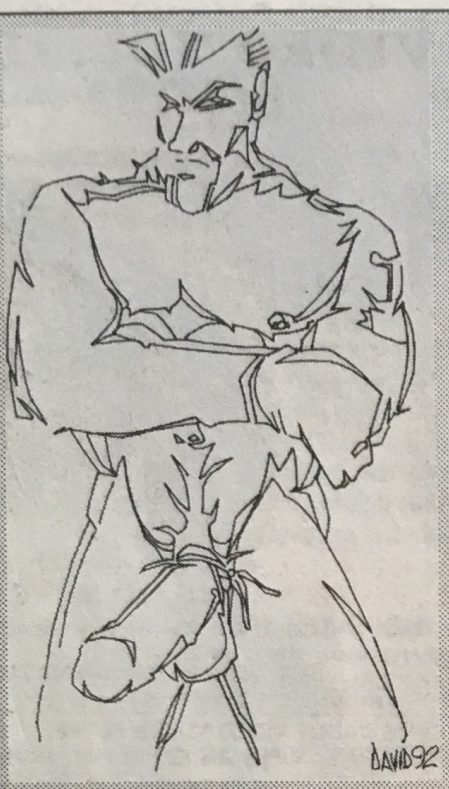
JOEL

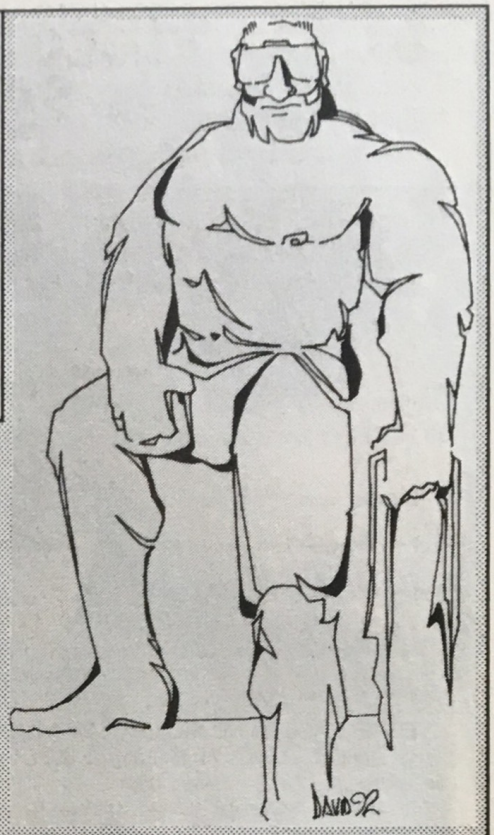
MOUNTAIN MAN lives in the wilds of Idaho and is as rugged as he looks. Although he's married, he's very flexible and can meet visitors and receive mail.

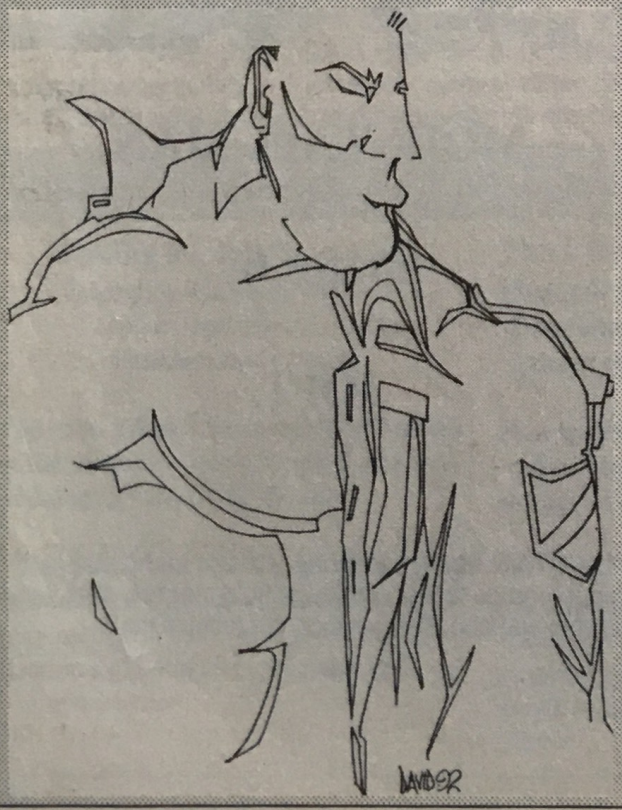
A MAN AND HIS CRAFT

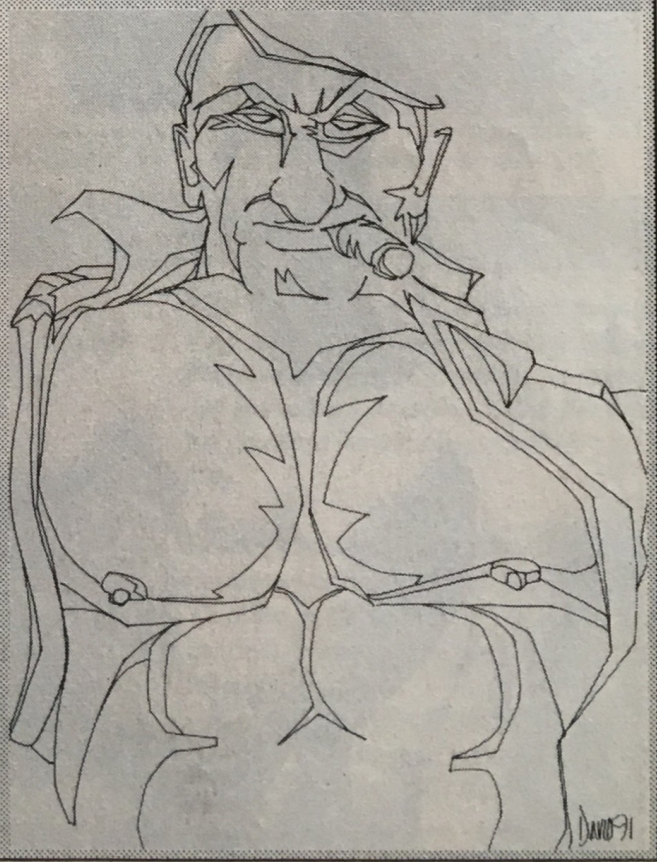
THE ARTWORK OF DAVID

DAVID is 36, single, and lives in Houston. He finds older, mature men interesting. He's looking to give up his 15-year career to do artwork full-time.









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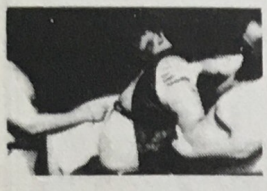

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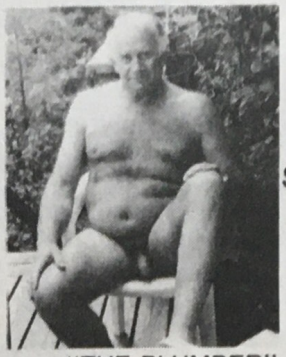

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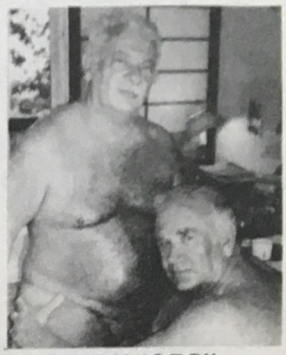

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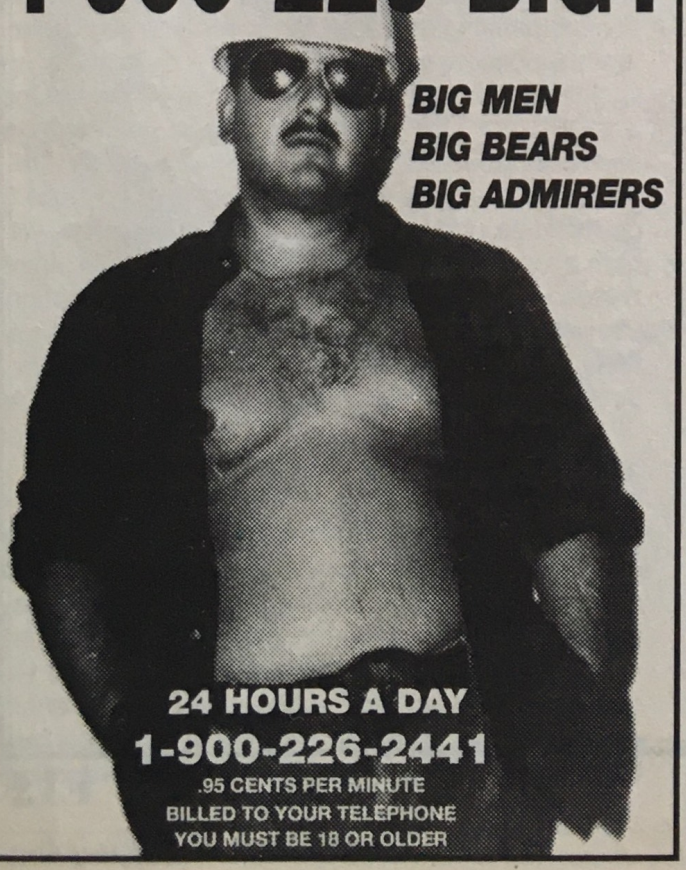

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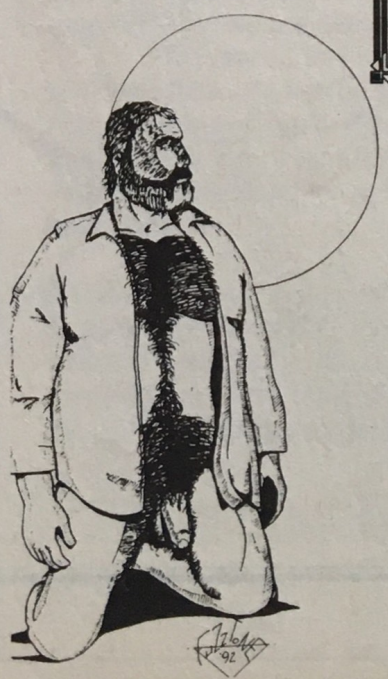

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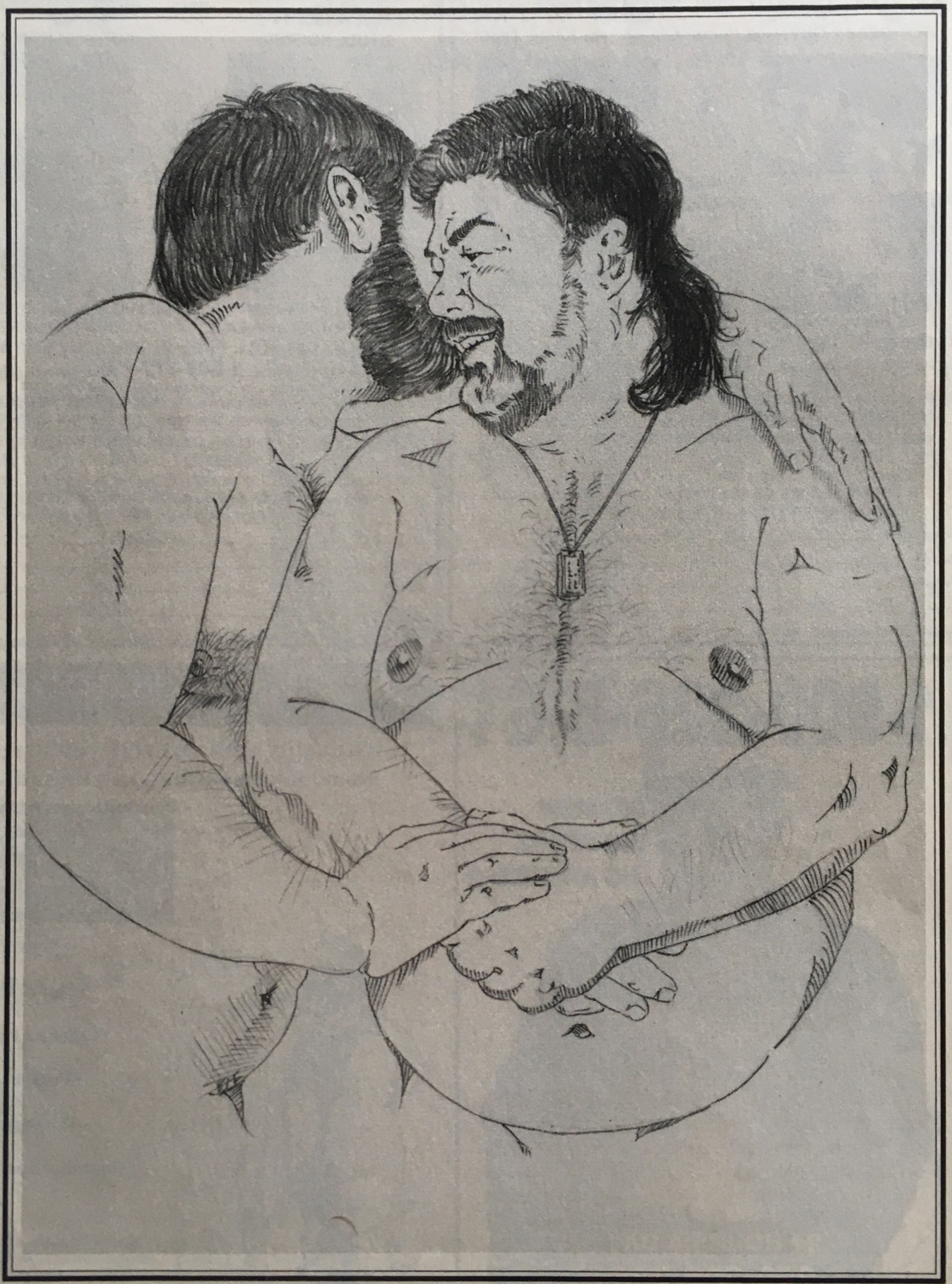

ELF

LIVING WITH THE LINE
ILLUSTRATION and ESSAY by ELF

I first met Pat at a nude beach. He had shyly draped a huge beach towel over his shoulder and across his tummy. In my eyes he was the proverbial Greek god that every porn writer seems to meet. He was even wearing a toga. Of course, the Greek god he most resembled was not Adonis, but Bacchus in Walt Disney's *Fantasia*. There may be no love at first sight, but there is definitely lust, and I fell hard.

Half-hidden by that beach towel was a beautiful white chest, sparsely covered with hair, and nipples that made my tongue ache. He had the most beautiful eyes and a warm smile that flashed at my "hello." All the while, as we talked underneath the shade of a cottonwood, my mind again and again returned to one simple thought: *How can I get that towel off him?* One thought that never crossed my mind was that I might lose my newly found Greek god to heart disease.

Pat is a Vietnam vet. The disabled vet plates on his van attest to the fact that serving with honor in the military often exacts a price no young man should have to pay. Shrapnel from an exploding bomb created internal organ damage that left Pat a diabetic. Like many diabetics, a sticky sugar called sorbital slowly lined his arteries. Late in our second year together, his occasional bouts of angina increased and became more severe. A trip to the VA Hospital confirmed our fears: Pat's arteries were blocked and his doctor scheduled immediate surgery. What was to be an angioplasty procedure escalated to open-heart surgery when the sorbital linings proved too elastic to break open.

After the operation, I sat by his bedside. Tubes and wires protruded from him like strings on a puppet. He lay motionless except for the steady induced breathing from his respirator. I watched this great bear of a man being forced by machinery to do what his body couldn't do any longer on its own. Green lights gyrated across the monitors, and an electronic beep announced each beat of his heart. How could such a large man look so frail?

Today, what remains of that operation is a long, thin scar that broadens at the base of his chest. There are scars on his legs where they went in search of graft arteries. His ribs are wired together, and direct pressure causes him pain. And yet, it is that chest scar, that line of sutured flesh, that reminds us both of how close we came to losing the most valuable commodity we as humans trade in: friendship. Not the ephemeral high school camaraderie of our youth, but the far more complex evolution of friendship that allows you to be who you are while challenging you to be even more. It is companionship, support, loyalty and caring. It is love, and whether that love finds expression in physical bonding is not nearly so important as the bonding of spirit.

Pat has always worried that his scar would make him less attractive to me. Oddly enough, I rarely pay attention to it. There are so many wonderfully desirable parts to his body that I'm often lost in a fixated lust, oblivious to all else including his "zipper." If it were not there, I could lay down on top of his chest, and he could comfortably carry my weight. But it is there, and I've grown comfortable supporting my upper torso away from his chest with my arms. Our bodies still move in frenzied unison, and I can see by his smile that he enjoys himself as much as I do. That same smile that I fell so hard for five years ago still excites me beyond words. And his chest, divided now by his scar, still has the nipples that make my tongue ache.

When I do see the line, I am reminded how lucky I am to be with this man. He had to fight tremendous physical obstacles to stay here with me. Today, adjusting to change is commonplace. He is enormously upset that he requires a wheelchair whenever we must cover large distances in a short time. He worries it is just one more inconvenience for me. He doesn't realize that I do what I do for him gladly, knowing that he overlooks my receding hairline, my middle-age spread, and my temperamental nature. Neither of us will ever be what we were before the operation, but the scar is a visual symbol of how fortunate we are to share together what we are becoming.

Five years ago, I saw a man so handsome that all I could think of when he looked at me was, *How can I get that towel off him?* Five years later, and I still have that thought every time he steps from our shower. We're together, and for right now, that's more than I could hope for.

Pat and ELF live in a small town outside of Portland, Oregon. Pat is not only the focus for the article but is also ELF's model for the drawing. "He's a very difficult model to work with," says ELF. "Once I get him out of his clothes, I usually forget all about art."

DITHERING

an essay by FLORES

At my last routine annual physical, my doctor suddenly said: "You should either remarry or find a companion." Somehow he had entered my subconscious and read a desire I had been trying to ignore.

I had been married. As with so many marriages, it started out with intensity, only to end several years later over breakfast while discussing a divorce in a quiet, civilized manner. Then a wild shack-up followed, but it soon ended due to possessiveness and excessive demands. Later, I shared my home with a close but very straight friend. That lasted for almost two years until family problems intefered.

Several years later, I met a married man. It was instant, mutual love. Neither of us wanted his marriage to be damaged, however, so for almost three years we met as often as he could get away . . . until he had a massive heart attack.

Now, I see two close married acquaintances rather frequently. There is no love, per se, but our mutual respect and attraction are quite high.

So, do I desire a companion? God, yes! It would be wonderful to have someone to hold me--someone whose shoulder I could cry on. I'm tired of being that solid "Rock," always providing the proper response. I need a man to tolerate my idiosyncrasies, foibles and fears; to share or at least understand my dreams. I long for that person who will gently nudge me into action but never belittle me if I fail; who will accept me as I am and not attempt to re-mould me.

So, do I desire or need a companion? I really don't know. I'm afraid! Afraid of failure again. I'm fearful of adverse emotional problems, of being too old and set in my ways, of not being able to "perform" as expected, of becoming a burden to someone as I age. The demons are endless: the loss of my privacy and independence, the onset of public ridicule over coming out, the possibility of being drawn into litigation if a relationship ended. Would I unwittingly become someone's "daddy" provider? Would the two men I now see reject me? And what of my twenty-five-year friendship with a straight man who is like a brother, yet who knows nothing of my orientation? Would he care? I wonder.

But above all, I'm terrified that I will hurt my companion through failure to uphold my end of the relationship.

It is cathartic to write this . . . .

But still I dither.

FLORES is 64, retired, and resides in the San Francisco area wine wountry. He muddles along in horticulture under the surveillance of a 100 pound puppy and a 15 pound kitten.

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

CHIRON RISING seeks material that appeals to mature men and their admirers, especially those works which hold our seniors in a positive light. Your creations may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Short stories. We seek fine fiction that appeals to the mind and spirit as well as the gonads. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double-spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration. Please, no standard porn.

—Fine original drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to our target audience— same as short stories, except limited to 4 or 5 double-spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, nude or otherwise, undisguised, with good contrast and clarity. No sex shots.

Note: All subjects depicted in print, artwork or photography must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered. All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash, as agreed to.

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If you want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots taken in bright sunlight with deep shadows, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

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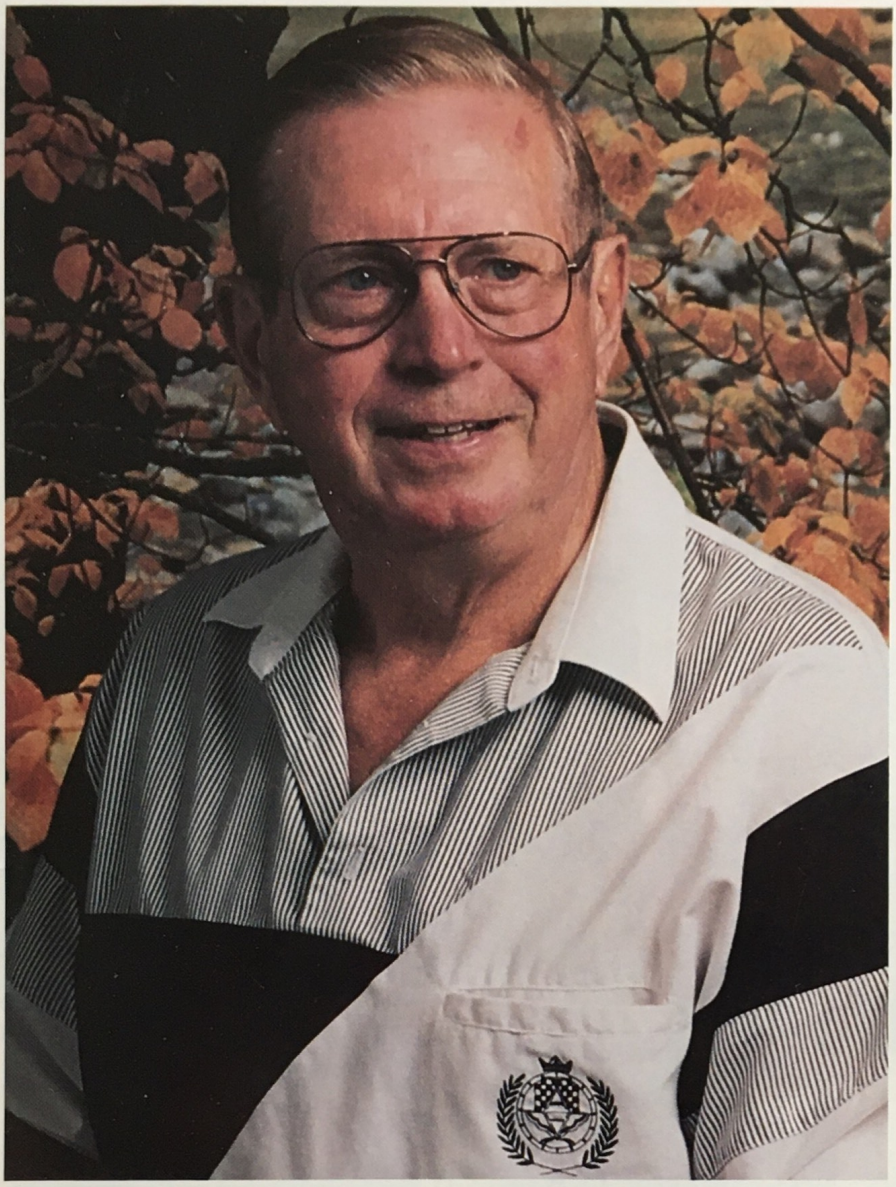
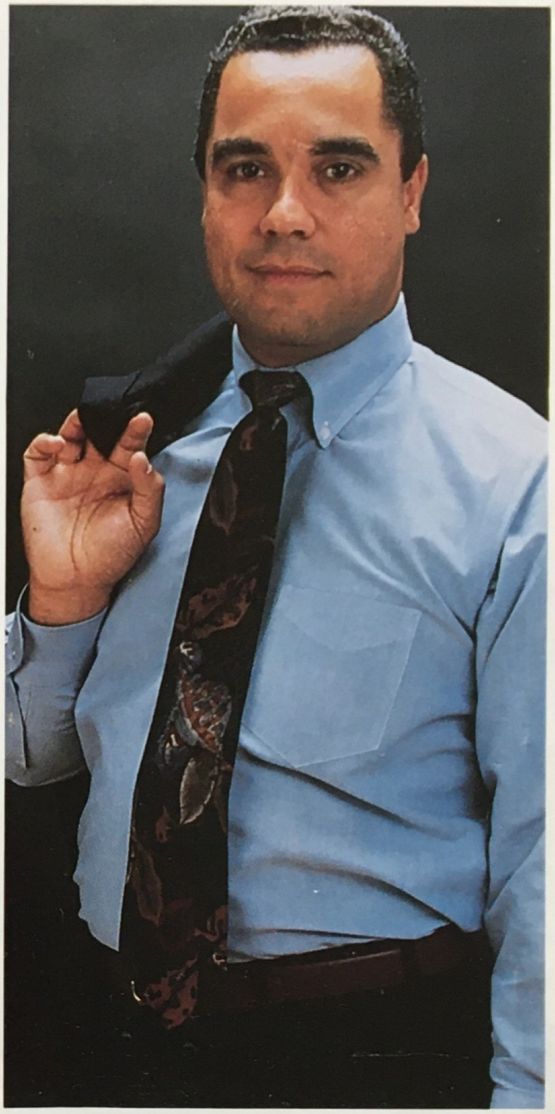


DERRICK . . . photo by S.C.



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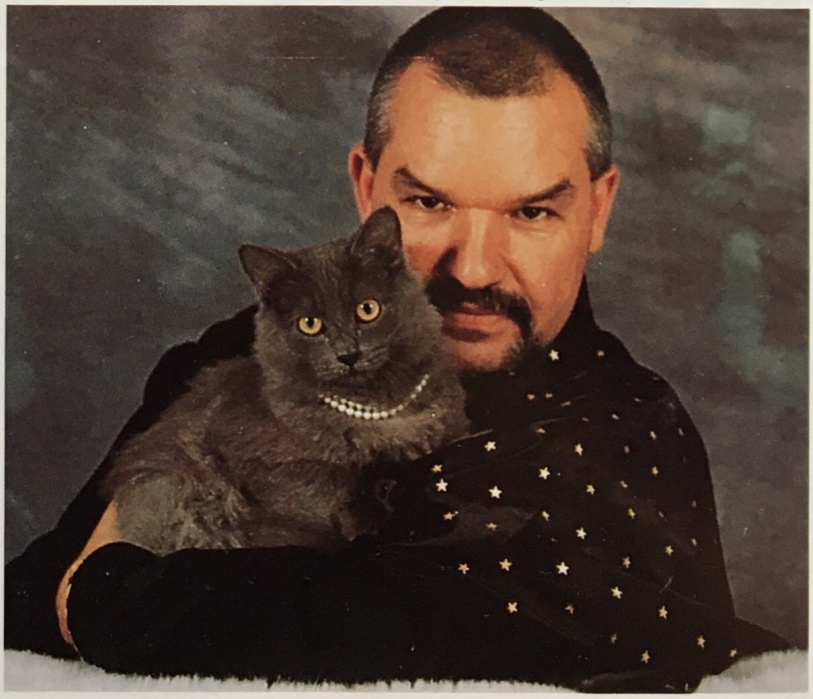
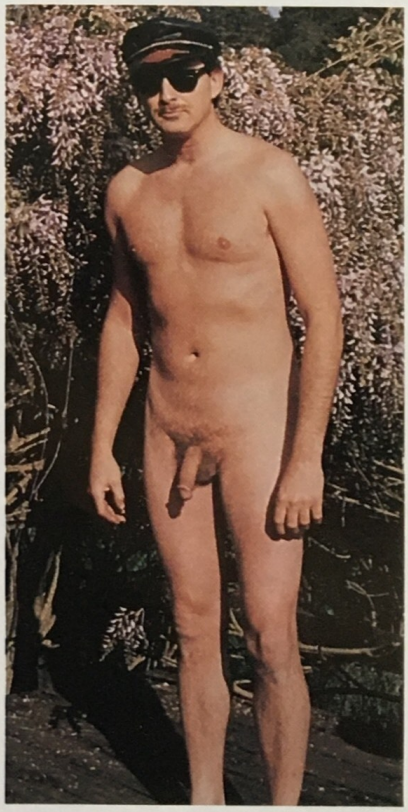


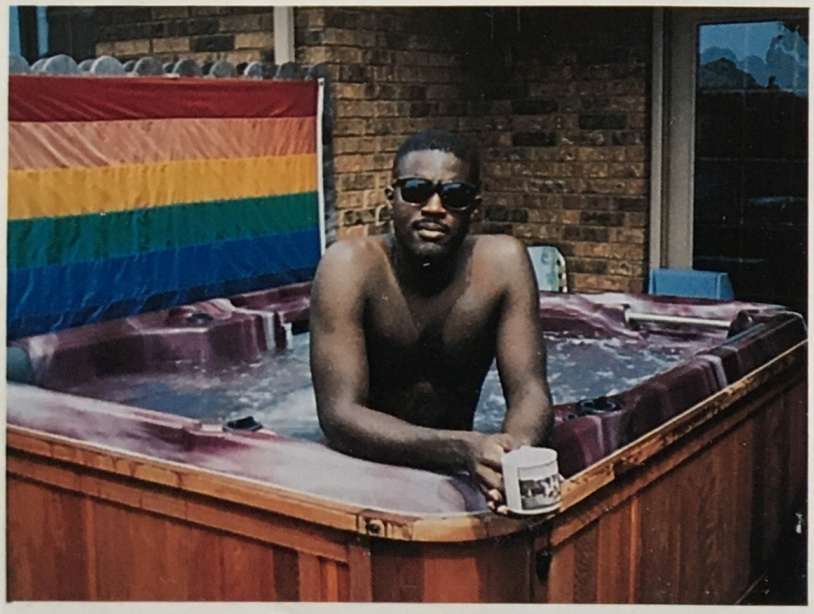
DON & MARCUS . . . photo by JOEL

JAMIE . . . photo by LITTLE BROTHER

THE TRAVELER
. . . a self portrait

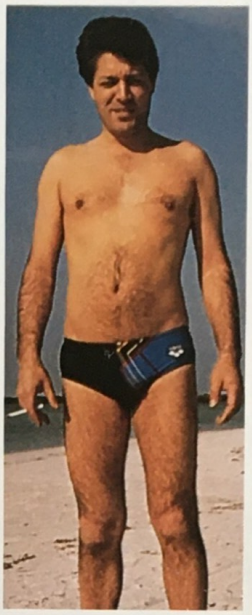


SCRATCH . . . photo by J.R.

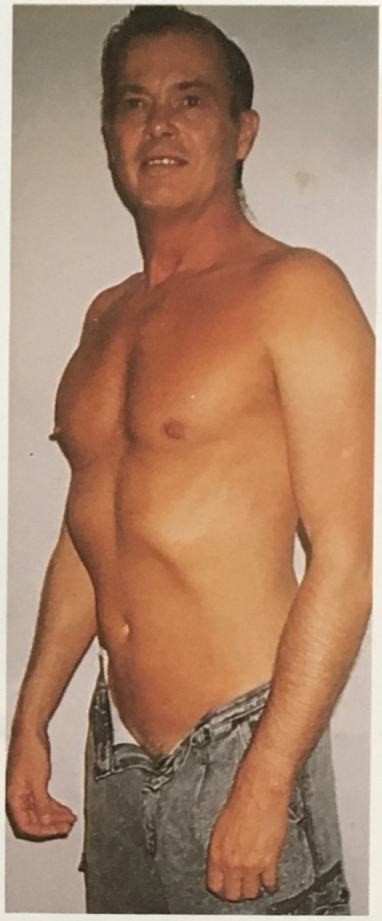


MOUNTAIN BILL photo by P.L.

GABRIEL . . . a self portrait

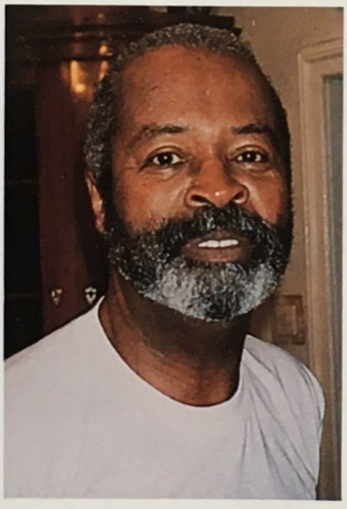


EUROPEAN
a self portrait



MR. MIDWESTphoto by SIM

<<A.J. . . . photo by SANDEE



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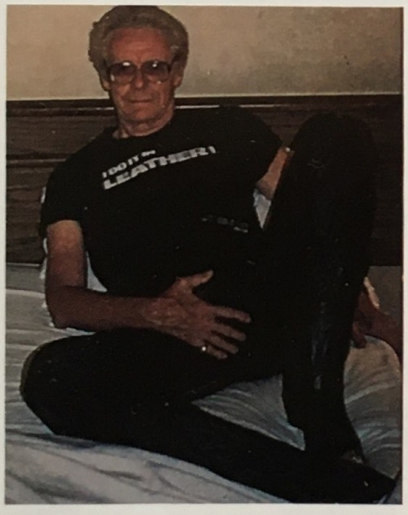
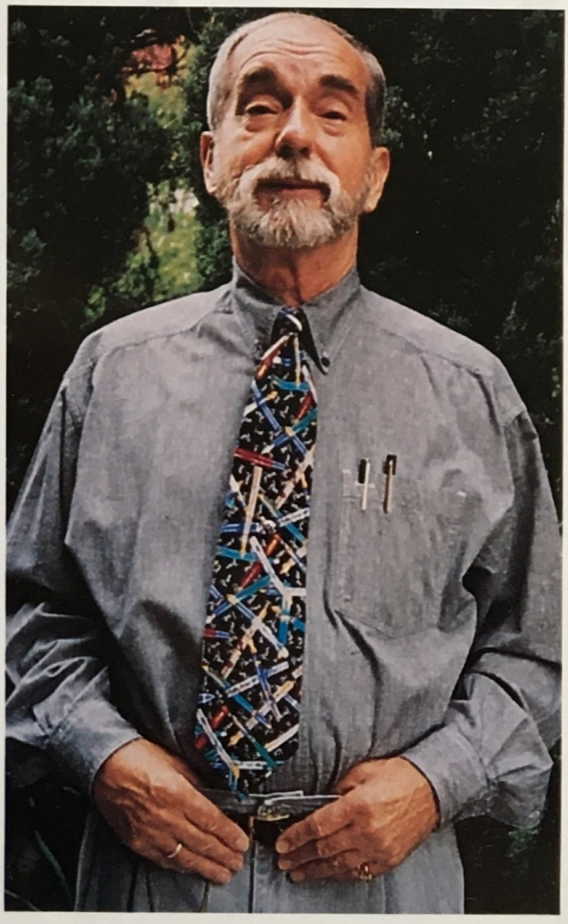


CARL D. . . . photo by FRANK

HAWKMAN photo by HENRY



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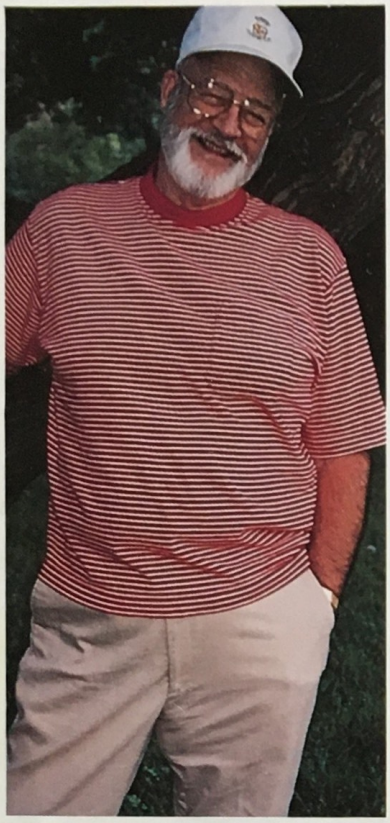
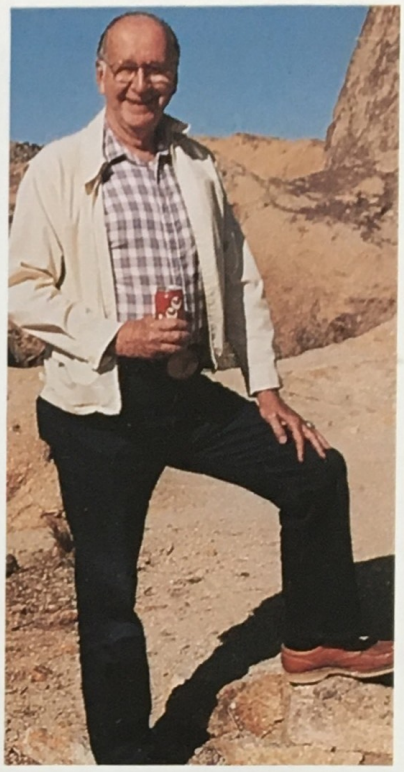
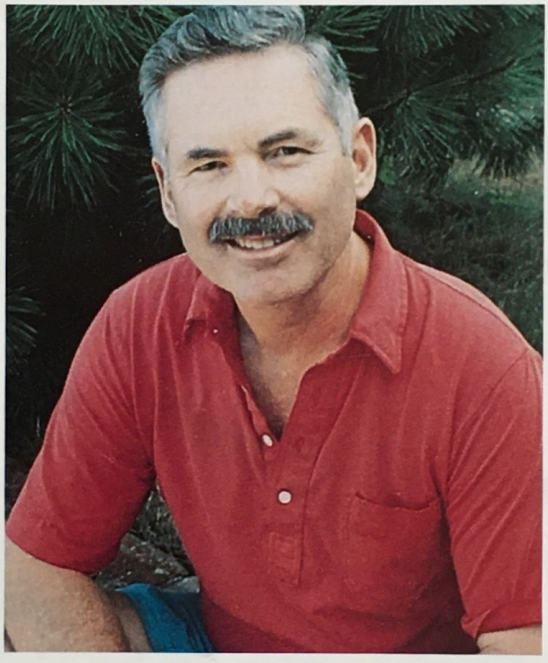
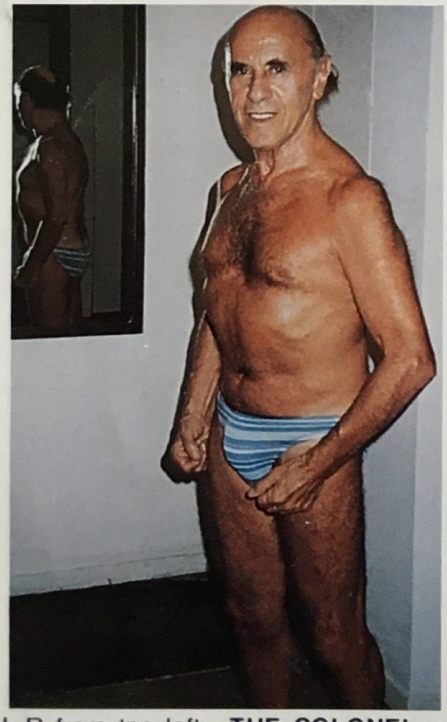
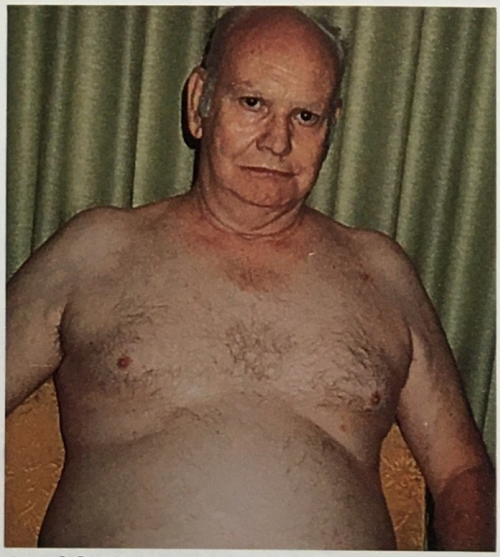
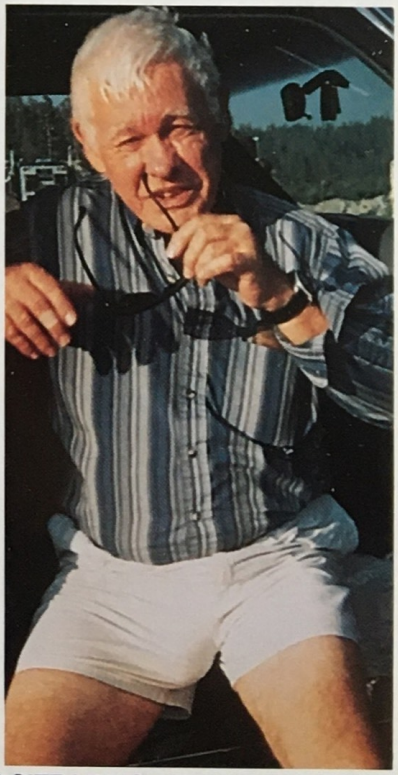












L-R from top left: **THE COLONEL, photo by COWBOY; CAPRICORN, self portrait; SAGITTARIUS, photo by CAMILO; GREENSKEEPER, self portrait; HEART, photo by RICK LEE; WOLVERINE, photo P.H. COLLEY; PHOENIX, self portrait; ILLINOIS BILL, photo by MILTON; STRETCH, photo by MICHAEL**

TOURING AUSTRALIA

WITH OUTBACK JACK & KOALA BEAR

[Publisher's Note: The last letter we received from JACK was dated July '92. He and KOALA BEAR were on their way to Harvey Bay near Bundaberg, Queensland, home of CR model and writer, RAY W. We never received a letter from Harvey Bay; instead, we continue the saga sometime in August, near Bowen, some 400 miles up the coast]

August, 1992

It's OUTBACK JACK and KOALA BEAR again, now in Bowen, home of Queen's Beach. The Lord Mayor declared a national holiday and gave us the key to the beach. And I thought we looked butch! Ha! Right at the far end of the cape is a beautiful nude beach, and we've had our butts there for two days and have met a few blokes. Just had two weeks on Magnetic Island, which is ten miles off Townsville *[another 100 miles north of Bowen]*. Mate, what a tropical paradise. We had three nude beaches to choose from, all of which are reached by hiking nature trails—some made by mountain goats as they're so bloody demanding on the heart! But they're so beautiful when you reach them that you forget the hike. I'm snorkeling the reefs, marvelling at the colorful corals and fish. KOALA BEAR wallows in the shallows as he can't swim. Weather is spot on 80 degrees most days.

September, 1992

We're still in Queensland, but only just. Tomorrow we head south of the border into New South Wales. Now it's spring and the weather is getting warmer as days get longer. We came back to Harvey Bay to go whale-watching, and the day we went out about 10 whales were frolicking around with lots of excitement and lots of "Thar she blows!"

Our next adventure was the "Gympie Muster," a big, three-day country and western festival 30 miles out of Gympie at a state forest park *[100 miles north of Brisbane]*. Now, when you're new to a muster and camping under the stars, squeezed in amongst 30,000 other C & W fanatics, and camp fires are burning, the atmosphere is electric! All of the big name Aussie C & W singers entertained at some stage over the weekend. The organisation was fantastic, even down to the showers. Pity it wasn't all in together, as some husbands were hunky dory. Friday night was the Campfire Concert. A huge fire was burning all night near the open air stage. There also were two big-top circus tents with entertainment so you could wander around the venues at will. One was called the "Crowbar" and we partied all night, but my ass was back in the caravan by midnight. My party days are over. Saturday was more concerts, day and night. Sunday started at 8 a.m. with a gospel concert. Only abut a third of the campers made it to that one. Most were nursing sore heads from too much booze! By 4 p.m. Sunday when the last singer finished, the twang of C & W music was coming out your BUM! Monday was a quiet departure as most of the campers were gone by Sunday night. It was really a shame it was all over for another year.

Then we came down to Sunshine Beach for a week. It's a caravan park right on the beach and it has a great view of the ocean, especially the sunrises. Also, we enjoyed two beautiful nearby nude beaches on alternate days. Haven't run into many gays at the nude beaches up here. I guess I'm used to Adelaide's which the gays flock to. We're now at Surfers Paradise just to visit some poofta *[gay]* mates for a few days.

October 6, 1992

"The OUTBACK JACK and KOALA BEAR Tropical Bare-ass Adventure" has exited the Gold Coast, Queensland, and crossed the border into New South Wales, where nude beaches are legal. So the excitement of thinking you had outsmarted the law and been butt-naked on Queensland nude beaches is over. But talking to the local "Banana Benders," it seems now in the 90s, the law tolerates the nudity because tourists seem to be the majority on the beaches.

The first stop was Coffs Harbour, and spring weather had blossomed with gorgeous sunny days to bronze the buns as we had four days at the nude beach here. To my surprise, it was only five miles out of town and easily accessible. A short walk along a beach and around a rocky outlet and . . . WHACKO, the nude beach! Coffs Harbour must have a secret gay community, as 90% of the 30 or more bare-assed blokes were pooftas! A real smorgasbord after Queensland, and I might add a very friendly mob. Out the door went the butch image and "gay gossip" took priority. We gave Coffs Harbour a 5-star rating and admired some big "crown jewels." Ha!

Spring was kind to us all the way down the coast to Gosford, about 50 miles north of Sydney. The nude beach there is a heart-stopper hike down a national park trail, which has 2,000 steps on the down hike (coming back, it seemed like 5,000!). Maitland Bay was spectacular. It made you forget the hour hike as you relaxed in the wonderful views across the bay to the north area of Sydney. Nudist come by boats or yachts and throw anchor and swim ashore to enjoy a naked day in the bay.

KOALA BEAR did a Sunday day trip to Sydney by train, a scenic hour ride through the mountains and across the Harbour Bridge. I had a butch day playing golf with some "Ocker" *[rowdy, butch]* mates and much to their amazement, this poofta kicked their butts! Gosford is linked to Sydney by a freeway, and the traffic reminded me of Interstate 5 in L.A..

We bypassed Sydney and headed west to Katoomba in the scenic Blue Mountains to camp nearby the famous "Three Sisters"—not three poofta mates, but an amazing rock formation surrounded by breathtaking, panoramic views. What is called the Scenic Railway ride should be renamed the Valium Railway. It's promoted as the steepest railway in the world: a 500 meter, almost vertical heart-stopper plunge to the bottom. I forget whether I was shrieking along with the other tourists, but I did chance a quick look at KOALA BEAR. His knuckles were white and he kept muttering, "Fuck me dead."

After that wild ride, it was back to the caravan for a cup of tea to gather up courage for the spectacular lookout trails hike. At night it's all floodlit and thousands of bats are zapping about. It would have brought Alfred Hitchcock back from his grave for an Aussie thriller. Very scary, mate!

To avoid the outback highway, we came over the mountains and travelled through the rural wheat and sheep country, with typical Aussie bush towns with names such as Wagga Wagga, Koorawatha, Cootamundra, Jerrilderee (where Ned Kelly

robbed a bank) and across the Murray River into the state of Victoria. Just west up the river, a gay mate has a farm near Yambuna, where we had five great days butching it up. The river was flooded and part of the road was flooded, so we had to leave the car and caravan on a neighbour's farm and be shuttled in by "Betty Ford", the mate's 4 X 4 truck. He's into horses (not sexually), the show-jumping type. KOALA BEAR declined the fox hunt. Fox fur is not chic in the 90s, so he whipped up a batch of scones for afternoon tea.

The country pooftas are flourishing in the bush. They come from towns in the area by the carloads to attend functions. One gay couple has built a paddle-steamer and aptly named it "The Queen Mary." Summer gay trips up and down the river are frequent. We're definitely coming back for a summer jaunt with the bush pooftas.

From the farm we had a stopover in the wine country of Mildura further down the river—big tourist area for paddle steamers—and then it was HOME SWEET HOME to Adelaide.

A three-month caravan tour to remember for a long time—one of those once-in-a-lifetime trips that you won't ever forget. Winter has gone. Where did it go?

Your mates from Down Under, OUTBACK JACK and KOALA BEAR.

Brawny OUTBACK JACK and his blond bull gorilla mate (not lover), KOALA BEAR, reside in South Australia. They can be seen in all their nude glory in the SPRING/SUMMER '92 (KNOWING SATURN) special issue, and in future issues.

PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

[Note: Always include a photograph when writing to any of our models. You know what they look like, so how about returning the favor?]

MODELS

FRONT COVER: This hauntingly beautiful cover photo by CHELSEA WILLIAMS is of **PHILLIP WALD**, who is 56, 5'-8", stocky and single. He lives in San Francisco, loves to travel, and enjoys the company of mature men and those who share his tastes. This soft-spoken man has a great sense of humor and soulful, compassionate eyes that reach out and touch.

PAGE 2: **ROOKIE** is single and lives in Vancouver. He loves mature, well-educated, balding, heavy, romantic, sexually aggressive men. Southern Californian **IAETOS** has warm, soft (but firm) hands which are good for clay, bread dough or a man. He enjoys drawing the nude model, jogging at the nude beach, and romance. **BELLYWARMER** is a 33-year-old, 5'-11", 185# weightlifter who lives in the Midwest. He likes hairy, masculine men with firm, round bellies and silver fur. **KARL**, one of our previous cover models, is in his 50s and lives in Southern California. An ex-football player, he stays in shape so he can occasionally show Great Danes. He's single, flexible and looking for just the right masculine guy, any race, any mature age.

PAGE 27: **DERRICK** is 5'-8", 185#, easy-going, open-minded, and seeking younger (25-50) masculine guys who appreciate older men. He summers in Iowa and winters in Arizona. **TURBO**, an educated extrovert from the San Francisco Bay Area, likes mature men, sports and music. He and his hot-looking senior lifemate have been in a relationship for the past 12 years. **ERNIE** is a 63-year-old retired seaman who lives in San Francisco and Eastern North Dakota with his partner. He's 5'-5", 185#, and seeks to share experiences with short, heavy guys over 45. **RAMON SAINT RAMON** is a celebrated water color artist and photographer who lives and works on an animal rescue farm in Georgia. He has seven horses of his own. Oh, yes . . . the cat's name is LANCEFORD. RAMON is single and seeks correspondence from men with like interests.

PAGE 28: **DON & MARCUS** enjoy 3-ways and playing in the mountains and deserts of Idaho. They're into shaving, water sports, bondage & discipline, uniforms, tit-torture and safe & sane fantasies. They also have extra collars, leashes and dog dishes for bad dogs who want to visit. **JAMIE** is a 20-year-old college student in Georgia who likes martial arts, Karate, etc. He swears he's a true virgin seeking an older man to give him love and to teach him all about sex. **SCRATCH** is an avid sportsman and loves the outdoors. He's attracted to men such as RUSSIAN BEAR, BULLFINCH, THOM and MOUNTAIN MAN. He's able to travel, especially in the Midwest, where he lives. **THE TRAVELER**, one of our contributing photographers, loves the outdoors and country living in the Northern California wine country. He seeks grey-haired, stocky men over 60.

PAGE 29: **A.J.** is a 26-year-old admirer of mature men and has been with his lover of 51 for three years. They live in Ontario, Canada. **GABRIEL** is a famous artist who lives in the New York City area. He's single and attracted to mature, older, white-haired, heavy-set gentle men, as well as gentlemen. **EUROPEAN** actually lives in West Hollywood, but he's from Europe. He's looking for guys 50+ who are in good shape, are clean-shaven and affectionate, and who like to touch, hold and be close. **MR. MIDWEST** is looking for a heavy or large-chested guy for active or passive nipple play. He says that age and race are open. **MOUNTAIN BILL** is retired from the Forest Service in North Carolina and is looking for a younger leather daddy, 30s-50s. He promises to live out your fantasies. He enjoys travel and meeting new and exciting people. **JACOB** is 61, 200#, 6 ft. and loaded with an intense love of life. His interests include classical music, opera, theatre, museums, quiet evenings, and looking for a white-bearded teddy bear, 40+ who enjoys same. This Washingtonian goes to Europe almost as often as we go into L.A. **CARL D.** is a senior living in L.A. This very popular, very sex-looking man gets invited to just about every party in Southern California and is a regular at Mardi Gras. He's single, but having a ball. **HAWKMAN** is a young, hearing-impaired resident of Wisconsin. See his ad in this issue. **BUNK** is model BIG PAW's other half. But now there is a third (See Issue #48, page 7, "Another Successful Triple"). A rare, happy family. BIG PAW and BUNK currently

live in L.A., but that will all change when they triple up with their younger "third" from Idaho.

PAGE 30: **THE COLONEL** is back! One of the most popular CR models of all time, this awesome man is loaded with compassion, class, sincerity and just about every positive trait a man could have. He's been through hell with the tragic loss of his (and our) beloved KENT JUSTICE, but he's learning how to live again. You'll see a lot more of this southern Mississippian in future issues. **CAPRICORN** is a 5'-9", 180#, 50-year-old Washington native. He enjoys home, walks, cuddling and quiet times. He likes firm, super-hairy men like RUSSIAN BEAR, CARL and JOHN BEAR. **SAGITTARIUS** (no relation to CAPRICORN) is a retired executive who is 6 ft., 180#, in his late sixties and living in the Southern California High Desert. He seeks a committed, monogamous lifemate to share the best years. **GREENSKEEPER**, a 52-year-old South Floridian, is interested in meeting seniors over 60--especially those who intend to visit South Florida. **HEART**, previously living in the Northwest, now resides in Arizona. He's into hiking in the National Forest, live steam & electric railroading, gardening, good friends and pen pals. **WOLVERINE**, 51, lives in the Palm Springs area. He 's 5'-8", 210#, single, hairy, and looking for someone 55 to 70. Nonsmoking Ed Asner, Wilford Brimley or THE FRIAR types are a real turn-on. **PHOENIX** is in his late sixties, 5'-5", 135# and is a nonsmoker/drinker. He lives in New York City where he works out by swimming. He's looking for friendship and more. **ILLINOIS BILL** goes for men 45+ like Big D. Hairy and uncut a plus. He's 67, 6'-1", 240# and has a lot of love to offer the right person. **STRETCH** lives near San Francisco and is currently into foreskin restoration. He's in his sixties and is a talented pianist, organist, song writer and composer. He seeks younger, healthy stud-types who are self-sufficient.

PAGE 55: **DON & TIM** have been together almost 10 years. DON is 47, 5'-10", 255#. TIM is 31, 6'-0" and 205#. They love movies, television, shopping, travel (Hawaii and San Francisco in February '93), long walks, teddy bears, dining in/out, their home and garden in New England, penpals, new friends, and safe sex. **BUTCH** is an "old buddy" and artist who lives in north-central California. He seeks healthy son-types for extensive Nintendo games in his home. Other interests include electronics, photography, museums, sketching, and fun. Travel possible. BUTCH is extremely discreet and shy. **ROMIE**, 68, is a San Francisco Daddy who is 5'-8", 172#, and seriously seeking a trim, together 18-45 "Son" who is relationship-orientated--someone who likes to think of "making love" instead of just having sex. **SCOTT** loves quiet times with friends, especially young friends like SHORT ONE and POPEYER. He loves cuddling, dining at home, nudist affairs, nature walks and bicycling. He lives near San Francisco.

BACK COVER: **ARNIE** is 57, 5'-9", and 200 pounds of real MAN. He's a bisexual nudist and nonsmoker who seeks pen pals and friends who are older. He lives in New England.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

CHELSEA WILLIAMS is one of the top professionals in the business and one of our best supporters. Although CHELSEA is not in the routine portrait business, he will photograph a limited number of our readers for publication in CR, provided the models reimburse him for his expenses. However, he waives his standard photo session fee because he believes in our magazine and wants to help us out. For this, we are forever in his debt. Please contact San Franciscan CHELSEA through CR.

JOEL is a semi-professional photographer in Idaho who is headed for greatness. He also has a knack for finding incredibly masculine models in the most unlikely places. He's our most prolific shooter, and we eagerly await his next submittal. Catch JOEL's performance (as well as that of his mate, THOM) on the video of the "Jenny Jones Show" (see REVIEWS, this issue).

RICHIE II is a free-lance photojournalist, among other things. His talent is phenomenal, but like so many other good photographers, he has little access to mature models. If you are a senior, live in the Greater L.A. area and want to appear in CR, contact us and we'll put you in touch with him for a photo session.

[Publisher's Note: We are often asked about places which develop nude photos. We do have the addresses of a couple of gay developers who will process hard-core film, but sending your film out to these places for simple nudes isn't always necessary. Many smaller developers (and some larger chain stores) in California will develop nudes, provided they are not of minors. This more liberal situation exists in other states as well. The key is to call the shops in advance and ask what their policy is. Shop around and ye shall find.]

S A M S O N and H O M A N

Japan's celebrated magazines are now available to the rest of the world. Excellent color photography and artwork for connoisseurs of Japanese men. **SAMSON** (all ages and sizes): In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Y (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $17. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Y in bank transfer of money order. For a 12 months subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Y in bank transfer or money order. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office,Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91. **HOMAN** (older and heavier): In Japanese, 132 pages. Published 3 or 4 times a year and available by single copy only. Send 3,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $23 (cash only) to: KOFU-SHA, P.O. Box 133, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER

A TRUE STORY BY RAY W.

One of the things I enjoy most about living in a rural setting, in a place that has a sub-tropical climate, is being able to get around wearing nothing, or next-to-nothing, most of the time. It is not the sort of thing I was able to do in suburbia. I moved to an area outside of town and now with my home situated on an acre of land, I've found the freedom I didn't know before.

I still have to be discreet since there are neighbours, but so far, not many of them. I am courteous to them, but I don't go out of my way to become overly friendly. That can lead to disaster, as I have learned from experience many times in the past.

Even though I am only in my early 50s, I have found that too many employers are not interested in hiring "older" men. Until the economic climate improves and there are more opportunities for full employment again, I am content to do what casual work comes my way. One luxury I can indulge in since I have not been able to find regular work, is lying on a sunlounge in the mid-morning sun on my back verandah. I like to strip off, get a good book, and read while soaking up the sun. Since we are so much more aware of ozone depletion and of the danger of skin cancer nowadays, I make it a point to keep out of the sun's rays during the hottest time of the day.

Since meeting a nudist couple about a year ago, I have slowly grown to like the idea of nudity and realize how good it feels to be without clothes. Sunbathing totally nude is so much more enjoyable than wearing even the smallest covering.

One Spring morning, I was lying nude reading on my verandah, when I heard loud banging noises nearby. I looked up and saw a man, in his 60s I guessed, at the other end of the verandah looking in my direction. I figured he must have been there for some time before I became aware of him and realized he had seen me lying there in the altogether. I got up and, wrapping a towel around myself, went over to him. He had come to change the gas cylinder, but he wasn't the guy who usually called.

When I mentioned that he had caught me out sunbathing nude, he replied that he had seen much more than that in the past and so it didn't bother him. We continued to talk while he lifted the heavy cylinder off the back of his truck. I learned that he was retired but was delivering the gas cylinders just to give himself something to do; the little pay he received provided him with extra beer money.

He was tall and slim, and because he wore only shorts, I could see he had a very attractive, muscular body with a hairy chest. Since he was able to handle those heavy gas-filled cylinders with little trouble, I realized he was a strong man for his age. His well-tanned body told me he must have spent a lot of his time outdoors. I found myself becoming strongly attracted to him, but I didn't have the faintest idea how to get him to "open up." I could only continue to make small talk all the time he worked.

When he had finished, I asked if he wanted a cold drink. His reply took me by complete surprise; he said a cold shower would be appreciated! I took him to the bathroom, located off my bedroom, and left him to his shower. A short time later, I returned to my bedroom to find him towelling himself off. While he was drying himself, he was examining the paintings and photos I had around my bedroom. They were mostly of New Guinea guys who were posing there in all their glory without a stitch of clothing.

He remarked that I obviously liked the nude body and more so, the nude *male* body. I admitted that I did. With that, he let the towel drop to the floor and asked what I thought of his body. I looked him over thoroughly. He had large, low hanging balls, very hairy thighs and a long, thick, uncut cock that would have done any guy proud. I told him that I liked very much what I saw and added that with a cock like his, he made me feel slighted. He smiled and said that what he had seen outside on the verandah was more than ample to please any guy. With that remark, I realized he was definitely interested and had "opened up", so I became bold and moved close to him. I reached out and held his heavy balls in my hands. He responded by reaching out for me and pushed my towel away. He grabbed my cock really hard.

What followed was a short, but most enjoyable session for both of us. Though I could tell that he didn't have very much experience at male sex, he was keen to learn; he couldn't get enough of having another man next to him. I found out later that he was a widower and had been on his own for many years. He told me that he often experienced strange feelings for guys he saw, but had no idea how to get to know them. Most of the time, he just jerked himself off.

If he is delivering gas cylinders in my area, he usually stops by to see if I am home. When he finds me at home, we both sit in the nude on my verandah, chat, have coffee and touch each other from time to time. That is, until one or the other becomes too horny; then we go inside and explore each other's body again. Gradually, we are getting to know each other intimately and learning what turns the other on. He likes lots of attention to his cock and balls, and I happily oblige him. Once he discovered that I enjoy nipple attention, he now gives mine a real heavy workout every time he calls.

This particular experience has taught me that there are many men out there all the time, in many different circumstances, just waiting and hoping for the opportunity to meet someone with the same sexual interests. Although it may be very casual sex, as long as it is safe sex and two guys can give each other relief, then it is all to the good.

I am not a very outgoing type of man, so I am still discreet when making advances to another guy. But now I know it's possible to meet someone when you least expect it. So I always leave myself open to any chance meeting.

RAY W. is a 51-year-old Australian living in Queensland. He lives alone and welcomes visitors. He likes guys any age, but older, sexually active ones are a bonus. He'll reply to all who write. See his color photo in Issue #51.

Fiction by RANDY ARCHIBALD

BRAZILIAN JEWELS

For Michael

The East Boston streets confused me more than I had expected. I wished Peter had agreed to meet me at my hotel or his office. Knowing him, I didn't think I could trust his directions, and I began to despair of finding the restaurant. Besides, I felt uncomfortable carrying anything so valuable around in the city. I couldn't see any stores with Portuguese names. Where, I wondered aloud to myself, did the Brazilian area begin?

I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere; I began to get angry with Peter for not knowing street names, but only saying things like, "When you come up from Maverick Station, go to the bank, then turn left, then go three blocks . . . "

I'd had less trouble finding my way around Rio. And there, at least the scenery, both stationary and moving, held my interest. This looked like any other old American city, and not the most attractive part of it. Buildings needed care, streets needed cleaning, and the men needed . . . well, something. Maybe it was because it was Monday.

I looked up. The sign above me read *LOJA DE MANTIMENTOS*. What a relief! A Brazilian grocery store. The neighborhood, as if I had crossed through a barrier of some kind, changed. No more Italian names. Portuguese. I remembered what some of them meant; others, not.

Finally, I saw it: *RESTAURANTE DE COMIDAS DE SAUDE*. It was a natural food restaurant.

Peter sat at the table farthest from the door, looking at a menu. I chuckled to myself; the dizzy queen didn't know one word of Portuguese, but he was trying to look good. Always on stage. "Thank God, you're here, David," he squawked. "I was afraid I was going to have to fake it."

"If you'd given decent directions, I'd have been here sooner."

Peter nodded at the approaching waiter. "Are they all like that in Rio?" he asked in his most Camille-like whisper, swooning just enough for effect, apparently afraid to overdo it here.

The handsome young Brazilian waiter asked if we wanted to order or needed more time. I spoke to him in Portuguese. He grinned broadly, and we continued in his language.

"Have you been to Brazil?" he asked.

"Yes, many times. Manaus mostly, but Rio last summer."

"You must like it there." He gave one of those little Latin shrugs that made goose-flesh crawl down my spine. I could tell that Peter could hardly stand it.

"Oh, yes, I love the people."

"Ah, the people." He nodded and his eyes gleamed. He turned and winked at Peter, who looked like he would melt right into the floor.

When I finished ordering, Peter asked, breathless, "What were you talking about?"

I whispered. "He said he wanted you to suck his cock right now, right here in the restaurant."

The poor guy couldn't stand it and responded with one of his "Oooh" sounds. "You're not kidding, are you?"

"Sorry, but I am. We were just talking about Brazil."

When we finished eating, the waiter asked in English if we needed anything else. Peter rolled his eyes so obviously that it embarrassed me. The tall, dark man noticed, and a faint grin crept over his face as he winked again. I tried to put a stop to the flirting. Peter could come back here and pick the guy up on his own time. Or get himself into real trouble. I had more important things to worry about.

"Do you know if there is a Brazilian jewelry-maker close by?" I kept the conversation in English so Peter wouldn't get any stupid ideas.

"You have gems from my country?"

"Yes. And I want a Brazilian to set them, if there is one handy."

Peter made an under-his-breath comment about the family jewels, which I ignored and the waiter didn't understand.

"Right down the street. That way." As he lifted his arm and pointed to the right out the front door, his short white jacket pulled apart from the top of his tight black pants, exposing a six-inch swath of olive skin stretched tight over a muscular torso. Peter gaped. Even I, with little interest in younger men, felt a stirring. He was truly gorgeous.

I wanted to get out of there quickly before Peter did something to make a fool of both of us, so I paid the bill, got up, said the formal *"Muito obrigado,"* and went out.

Peter followed, whining. "Two more minutes and I would have had a date. What's the rush?"

"You can go back when I've finished my business and sit and drink coffee 'till you seduce him. But right now we have an errand. You promised. I don't want to walk alone with these rocks in my pocket."

About four doors down, we came to a sign that read *JOALHEIRO*. A small shop, clean and neat, with one show window on the left side of the door, alarm lines running around the glass, and a steel awning rolled up above it. I tried the door, but it wouldn't open.

I put my face up to the glass in the door and looked inside. A man wearing a jeweller's glass stood up behind a showcase at the back of the show room. He scrutinized us carefully, then pushed a buzzer to unlock the door.

As we walked in, it was my turn to get a rush. Peter, I could tell, knew exactly what I felt. He knew me as well as I knew him. And he knew this dark-skinned, square-jawed man would reduce my legs to jelly. The jeweler had black eyes twinkling below a head of black hair, streaked with silver and combed straight back in full waves behind a receding hair line.

He took off the eyepiece and walked around the showcase. "May I help you?" he inquired in Latin-accented English.

I couldn't answer. He was tall enough that I had to look up to make eye contact, but instantly my eyes fell from his and down across his body. His blue linen shirt clung to broad,

obviously muscular shoulders; the top three buttons were open, revealing a chest covered with a mass of dark hair mingled with silver. It tucked into his pants at a trim but not boyish waist. I stopped, afraid to look farther. "I . . . well, I just got back from Rio, and . . . uh."

He saved me from my struggle. "You bought some gems you'd like to have set," he said in perfect English. "Right?" His deep voice, sliding through the air in waves of masculine elegance, cut right through me. I took a deep breath and tried to pull myself together. I prayed he hadn't noticed my blushing. Or maybe I hoped he had.

"Yes." I pulled the little satchel from my pocket.

"Here, put them on this." He pulled out a black velvet tray just like the ones the stores used in Rio. I untied the bag and poured out my two tiny emeralds, a larger sapphire, several topaz pieces, and the large, square-cut emerald that was my prize.

He started with the smallest one and looked each over very carefully. "Very good gems," he said. And when he got to the large emerald, he whistled, soft and low. *"De qualidade superior,"* he said slowly.

"I was just thinking that myself," I said without intending to, staring at the lower half of his body. His muscular thighs and trim, rounded butt were outlined magnificently by an almost-too-tight pair of chinos. I had seen a thousand men dressed like that in Brazil. Now I had found one in Boston.

"Excuse me?" He followed my gaze.

I blushed. "Uh, I say that, too, every time I look at the emerald. *"De qualidade superior."*

We began to discuss what kind of setting I wanted for each. All were fairly simple and normal until we got to the large emerald.

"I want a ring for myself," I said.

"No, no. Men do not wear emerald rings."

"But that's what I want. That's why I bought the stone."

We argued for awhile. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, it is too effeminate for Brazil, but maybe you can get away with it here." Then he chuckled. "Anyway, we learn that in America the customer is always right, even if he is wrong." And he laughed good-naturedly. "Maybe someone will find it attractive on you."

I blushed again, stood my ground, thinking, *Yes, I hope **you** do.*

The jeweller got out a book of designs. I knew what I wanted. The emerald, valuable by any standard, would have to be set in a heavy ring: white gold, with enough light around it to make the facets gleam. He intuited what I wanted and found the page instantly.

All this time Peter had stood nervously by. He could stand it no longer. "Well, it looks like you're in good hands. I have a date for a cup of coffee. OK?"

"Sure. Talk to you this evening."

And he left. I couldn't tell if he was anxious to pursue the young waiter or if he just wanted out of the way of whatever was going on here.

"That's it," I said, pointing at the setting I wanted.

He became all business, measuring my ring finger without so much as touching my hand. I wondered if he had figured out I was gay and became turned off. I knew from Rio that it was hard to tell about Brazilian men. So free and yet so macho.

The measurement completed, he wrote out the order. "It will take about two weeks." He took out a business card with his name and number and wrote down the estimated completion date.

I looked at his name. "Joa," I said, pronouncing it correctly, making it sound almost like "John."

"I go by 'John'." He grinned. "It makes it easier. You're the only American to pronounce it correctly."

"Joa," I repeated, liking the sound of the name. "I mean John." I caught myself staring at him a little too long and quickly pulled out a small deposit from my wallet.

He wrote out a receipt. The business over, I had nothing to do but leave. But I couldn't.

"Where are you from in Brazil, John?" I asked, unable to tear myself away.

"I was born in Salvador, but moved down the coast to Rio as a young man. I lived there until I came to the States ten years ago."

"You must have moved here as a very young man." I embarrassed myself trying to flatter him, and I wished I could have stopped being so foolish. But I had to know how old he was, had to know more about him. I couldn't read him; I couldn't even tell if he wanted to continue chatting.

"No. I was forty-eight."

I calculated quickly: fifty-eight, now.

"My wife had died," he continued. "We had no children, and the business, unless one worked for one of the large companies, was very hard. Brazil, you know, is not a place for the middle class." He laughed, showing two rows of perfect teeth, gleaming white against his olive skin.

I knew I was on the verge of making an ass of myself, and I knew that I had to leave. He was giving no signals, and I was obviously on the wrong track completely. "Well, I'll see you in two weeks. *Até logo*."

As I neared the door, he called after me: *"Espere um momento!"* I couldn't believe he wanted me to wait. "Your telephone number!"

I turned, totally off guard. Why would he want my phone number?

"In case I need to ask you something about the work, or in case I finish before or behind schedule."

"Oh, yes, sure." I faltered for words and tried not to sound ridiculous. "I'll be at the Bostonian Residence Inn for about three weeks. Here's their card." I took out a pen and wrote my name and room number on the back.

He studied it momentarily. "David, you will not feel uneasy about calling if you have questions, no?" he almost seemed to be begging me.

"No, I won't hesitate," I answered dreamily. *"Muito obrigado."*

"Obrigado."

I fled. Confused. Uneasy? Hell, I was mortified, petrified, couldn't catch my breath. What had just happened? I couldn't tell. The sound of my name on his lips haunted me.

I walked past the restaurant, hoping to find Peter. Only the cashier was there. I stuck my head in the doorway and asked if my friend had come back.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "But he and my brother went to find some Brazilian music at the record store down the street. My brother promised to be back in an hour. Do you want to leave a message?"

"No. *Obrigado*." I didn't know whether to be jealous or laugh. "Record store, my ass," I mumbled. "What a slut. Well, I hope he's having a good time, wherever he is."

I got back on the Blue Line for downtown Boston,

hoping either Peter would call my hotel soon or someone else would show up. I never know when business associates will pop in. At forty-two, I am the grand old man of the company; I've spent more time in South America than anyone else, so the younger guys always come to me for help. Our small crafts business deals with some of the people of the Amazon area, helping them market stuff they produce. The business doesn't hurt the forest, and it's beginning to take off, so my knowledge of Brazil is highly valued.

I don't mind the guys. In fact, some of them are pretty smart and interesting . . . handsome, too, in their boyish way. But they're not my kind of people. Too young, too straight, too gung-ho. I like the way they work; I don't like the way they play.

But I began to wish one of them would come along. I didn't want to be alone, either thinking about Peter and his cute young thing, or obsessing about John. No one showed up.

I sat in my room alone. I fidgeted. I called room service for a bottle of Scotch. I had a drink. I paced. I couldn't settle down. I went out to dinner. I came back. There was a message from Peter. I didn't return his call. Instead, I went to bed and slept fitfully.

The next day, I woke up with the feeling that I was hung over. I knew that was impossible on only one Scotch before dinner, but I just couldn't get myself going. By nine-thirty, I had dragged myself to the office. I did not, however, feel like being there.

Peter was waiting for me in my office. I cringed when I saw him; I knew what he was going to talk about, and I didn't want to hear it.

"Guess where I went yesterday."

"To the record shop with the Brazilian stud. It's all over town."

"What? How did you know? Well, that's what we told his sister."

"You think she believed you?" I wanted him out.

"I don't know, and I don't care." He was really "on." And being a great big bore, as far as I was concerned. "So you're not the only one who knows all about those hung, beautiful, Brazilian boys!"

"You know I've never had a boy, Brazilian or otherwise, in my life." I wanted to break his neck. I paced my office, wondering what was wrong with me.

"Well, let me tell you, then. They're just like in the movies and magazines. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven."

"Or somewhere. Now, cool it before someone hears you." I knew nothing would shut him up for days. "You going to see him again?"

"I'm going to *have* him again, yes." He laughed that stupid little giggle that, when I was in a bad mood, irritated the hell out of me. It felt today like nails on a blackboard.

"Good. Good. Now, leave me alone. I have work to do."

"My, aren't we the grump today? What happened . . . ? Oh, you poor dear . . . don't tell me. The big bad Brazilian couldn't get it up."

"Nothing happened. Is that all you ever think about? I didn't try to get anything to happen. We just made a business deal. Period. That's all."

"Poor baby. When you need to cry, I have a shoulder. Anytime for my best buddy." I knew he meant it, but it came out as one of his silly acts. I didn't reply, and off he went.

When my boss came in to talk about my latest trip, I could hardly remember what I'd done. Three weeks in Manaus. What had I accomplished? I remembered the opera. I remembered the University Forest Research Center. But I had to get out my notebooks to tell Mr. Soares what I had accomplished for the company.

"Are you OK?" he asked with an edge of either concern or displeasure. I couldn't tell which. "Maybe you should take a few days off. You've been pushing it lately."

"Hell, no. I just had a ten-day trip to Rio before I came home. I'm fine. Just can't seem to get into the swing of things."

As if to prove myself right, I swung into high gear. I wrote the reports from the month in Manaus in two days. I wrote orders for new items for the catalogue, and I filled out the import papers for them.

And I got into more of a funk. I did my work, but managed to alienate everyone in the office. I even heard one of the guys say, "I'm sure glad he's only here a month at a time."

I couldn't figure it out.

By Friday, Peter, in one of the most serious conversations we had ever had, suggested that I'd better take a rest. "You've got vacation time left. Use it," he said without affectation. Now *that* worried me.

"OK. I'll take the afternoon off and go to the gym. I just need some exercise."

I went to work out and got back to my room at about six. A message signal on the phone was blinking when I got in. That jerk, Peter, I thought. He tells me to get some rest, and then, before I can be alone for an afternoon, he calls me. I almost didn't call the desk, but something told me I should.

"Mr. Sousa would like for you to call him. John Sousa."

Who the hell is John Sousa? I dialed the number the clerk gave me.

"Sousa Jewelers." And then I instantly knew the voice. I saw his face and suddenly my funk turned to total confusion.

"This is David. You called me?"

"Oh, David. I just wanted you to know that the jewelry is finished. I will be here at the shop until late tonight, and you could come by and get it." The mellifluous tones were not even dulled by the telephone.

"Sure. I mean, what time should I come?"

"Anytime. Are you free now?"

"Yes. Yes. I'll be there as quickly as the train will get there."

The minute I hung up, I realized what had been wrong with me all week. And it didn't seem likely that it was going to be made any better now. Why did I act so eager? Why hadn't I said, "Oh, there's no rush. I'll come Monday and get them."?

Unconsciously, consciously, every way except wisely, I was obsessed with this Brazilian. I had been trying to work him out of my mind; I had tried to be stern, even relentless with my co-workers; I had dumped my feelings on poor Peter. And, worst of all, I had simply not allowed myself feel what I wanted to feel about him.

I'd already showered and shaved at the gym, so all I had to do was get dressed. That became a major order. I had no idea what to wear. Should I think about pleasing him? Did he have any idea of or interest in what I was thinking and feeling? I decided to put on Levis without underwear, a nice western shirt, and just go. I had to stop thinking.

When I came up from Maverick Station this time, I knew exactly where I was going, and I walked there quickly and deliberately.

He was waiting inside, sort of leaning against the showcase, arms folded, as if he'd tracked my every move and timed my arrival to the second. The sight of him took my breath away, and I felt a peaceful warmth enveloping me. He came to the door, opened it, and invited me in. As I passed him in the doorway, I felt an almost unbearable attraction. His manly essence seemed to reach out and seize me. And then I realized that he had turned the "open" sign around to "closed" and locked the door.

He grinned. "Your jewelry is in the back room. Follow, please."

We got to a back work room, where he took out a black velvet tray from a drawer. On it were the two tiny emeralds made into earrings for my sister. The other gems were made into various pins and other pieces for other people.

The emerald ring wasn't there.

"You haven't finished my ring?"

"Oh, yes. But we will have to discover it slowly. It is so magnificent that it must not be simply thrust into your hand. It will be much more worth your while if you have to wait a little.

The feeling I had experienced coming through the door heightened. A powerful charge was in the air. My mouth was dry, my heart pounded. I couldn't figure out what was going on. Was this all my imagination, or was he . . . ?

"Come with me." He turned, took my right elbow gently in his left hand, and walked toward another room off the workshop.

As we entered, I saw that the room was nearly filled by a huge water bed. There were no other furnishings except a couple of wall lamps and some paintings.

"I have been waiting to bring you here for a week," he said. "That's why I rushed your order. I could not stand it for too long, you see, because I could sense your attraction and anguished over mine." He reached for me. "Here, my young friend, let me see you."

Dumbfounded, I helped him remove my clothing in a slow, dreamy dance of discovery. When my shirt was off, he rubbed my chest, gently playing with my nipples. He kissed my neck. Slowly, slowly, slowly, he undid my belt and my fly, moving me over to the edge of the bed. He sat me down and pulled off my boots and jeans. He cupped my ample endowment under his hands, carefully, gently, yet firmly. *"De qualidade superior,"* he whispered. "Stand."

I obeyed and allowed him to turn me around, to explore every part of my naked body.

After completing a second slow revolution on my own, I found him naked beside me. He pulled my head to his shoulder, lovingly cradling me into his broad, muscular torso. I ran my hand through the thick hair on his chest. His body possessed that special touch of a robust, muscular older man: yielding, yet solid, warm, comforting. Somehow I knew that I belonged next to him; I had no doubt that he felt the same.

We lay down and I caressed him, exploring the big, bold body, finally stopping at his crotch. I had expected size, but I wasn't prepared for the hugeness of his uncut cock with velvety skin stretched low around his enormous balls. He gently guided my head there.

My tongue, mouth and throat worked in perfect harmony. His erection increased as I applied myself to his ultimate pleasure.

"Not so fast," he cooed, then reached over and turned on a wall lamp. "I have a surprise."

He put his hand under a pillow and retrieved a leather strap: a large cock ring. "Here, put this on yourself. Let's see if it fits."

Although I was steel-hard, I wrapped the strap around my cock and balls. I wasn't paying much attention to how it looked and concentrated on fastening it underneath. That done, I looked down at my cock and balls, now bulging out from my body. They weren't the size of his, but very impressive nevertheless. Then a glint of color caught my eye. Green.

"That is an emerald ring for a *real* man," he said, chuckling softly.

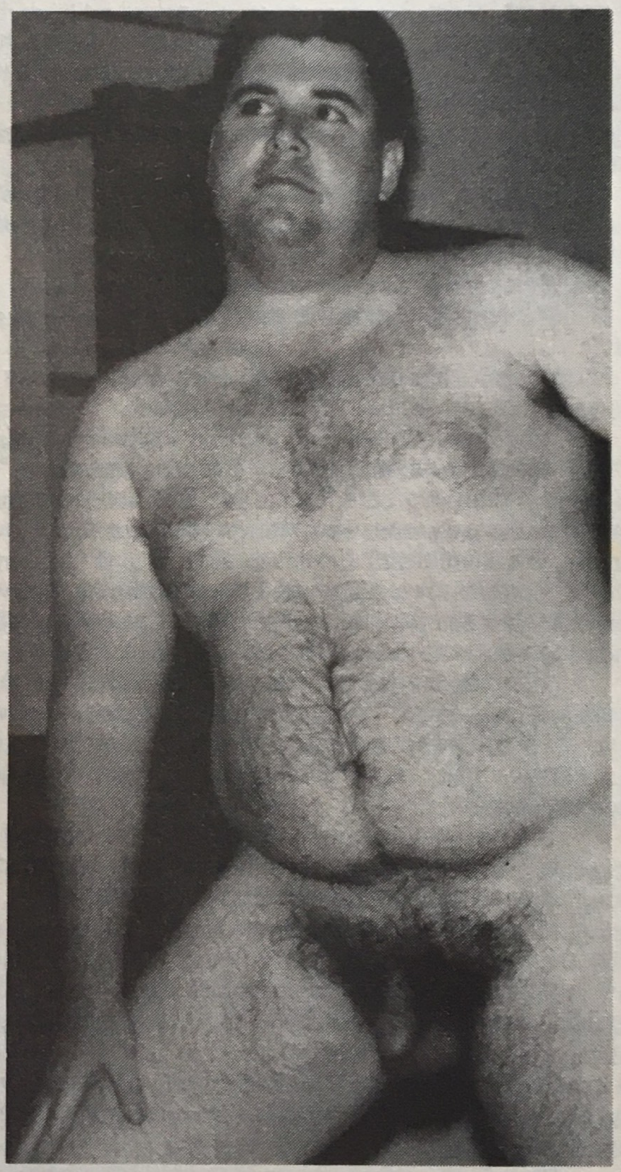
I gasped. *My emerald.* "Perfect," I whispered.

And only he and I would know.

RANDALL ARCHIBALD is a professional musician, teacher, and free-lance writer who, at 47, still loves and associates with older men. He lives in Massachusetts.

MARK

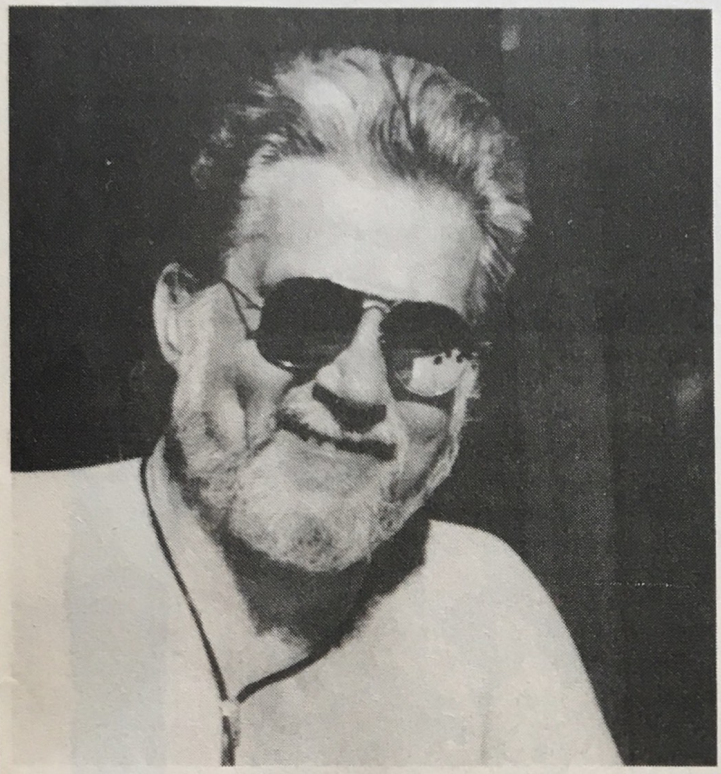
photo by AMOS HOUCHINS



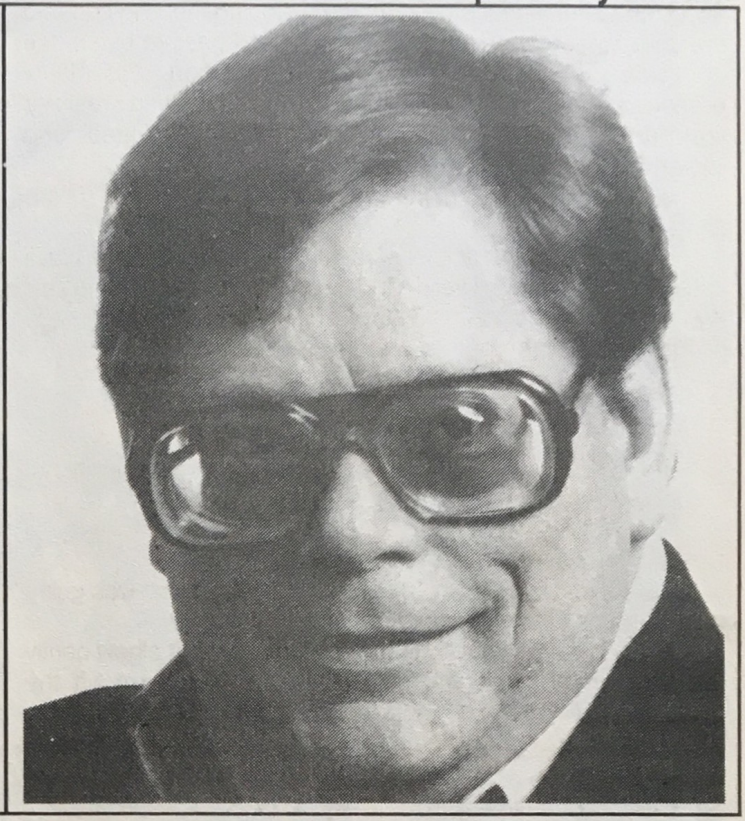
This young Northwesterner doesn't smoke, drink or take drugs. He's interested in meeting men 6 feet or taller who are nice and honest.

FACES

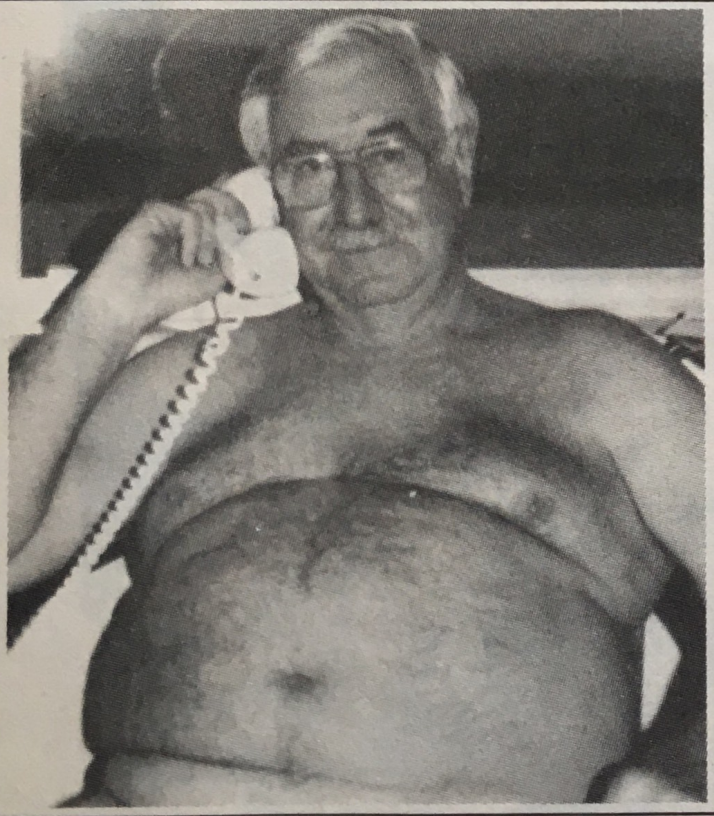
RAY T . . . photo by JOEL



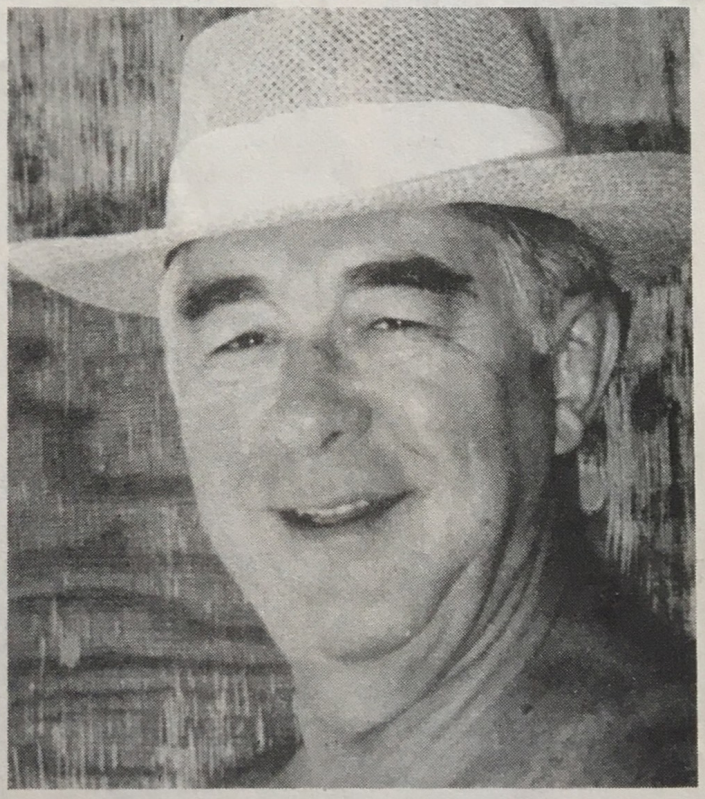
BURLY . . . photo by SIMBA



THE BANKER . . . photo by THE TRAVELER



GENTLE BEN . . . photo by WIZARD



RAY T is a versatile Idaho Daddy in his late 40s. He's into bear types and some S&M. BURLY is 42 and lives in Oklahoma. A Bigman, he seeks husky to heavy-set men over 55. THE BANKER is a very popular San Francisco senior who likes younger types. He'll be our cover model in an upcoming issue. GENTLE BEN lives in Florida with his lifemate, Casey. Check BEN's crew cut out on the "Jenny Jones Show" video reviewed in this issue. BEN and Casey are receptive to making new social friendships.

THE ARTWORK OF CALIBAN

CALIBAN lives in Virginia. He's very interested in heavy men and would like to hear from same as potential friends or models.

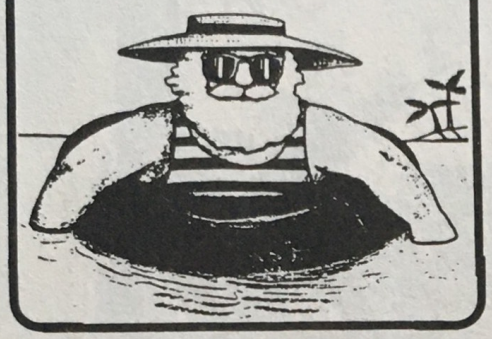
THE FRACTURED MYTHOLOGY OF KEMUSH

Zeus as Bear with Big Red, the riding hood. While hurtling down hill and dale on his Harley, Big Red is espied by Lord Zeus, who is skimming the forest treetops foraging for game. It was lust at first sighting; Zeus in a flash takes on himself the nearest wildlife form, a bear. Confrontation results amicably, since B.R., though an underworld person, still has a soft heart for wildlife (in all forms). Mutual and tender regard is expressed in the age-old bear hug. Horny, pesky satyrs wing about, shouting, "Huzzah! Huzzah!"

KEMUSH is in his early sixties and has lived with fellow artist, BILL THREE, for 26 years. He collects Southwest Indian art and paints dazzling nude portraits of men of color. We will feature some in full color in a future issue.

If you want 90 minutes of high-quality masturbatory fodder featuring very masculine, well-built men, then this flick is for you.
CHIRON RISING

40-PLUS Volume 1



In a scale of 10, I rate this video a 12+. Believe me, guys, you'll love it. CENTAUR

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(see Sam's photo on page 28 of this issue)

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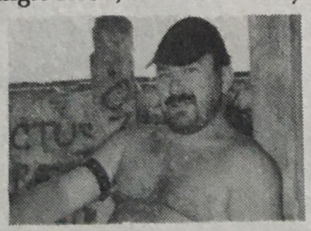

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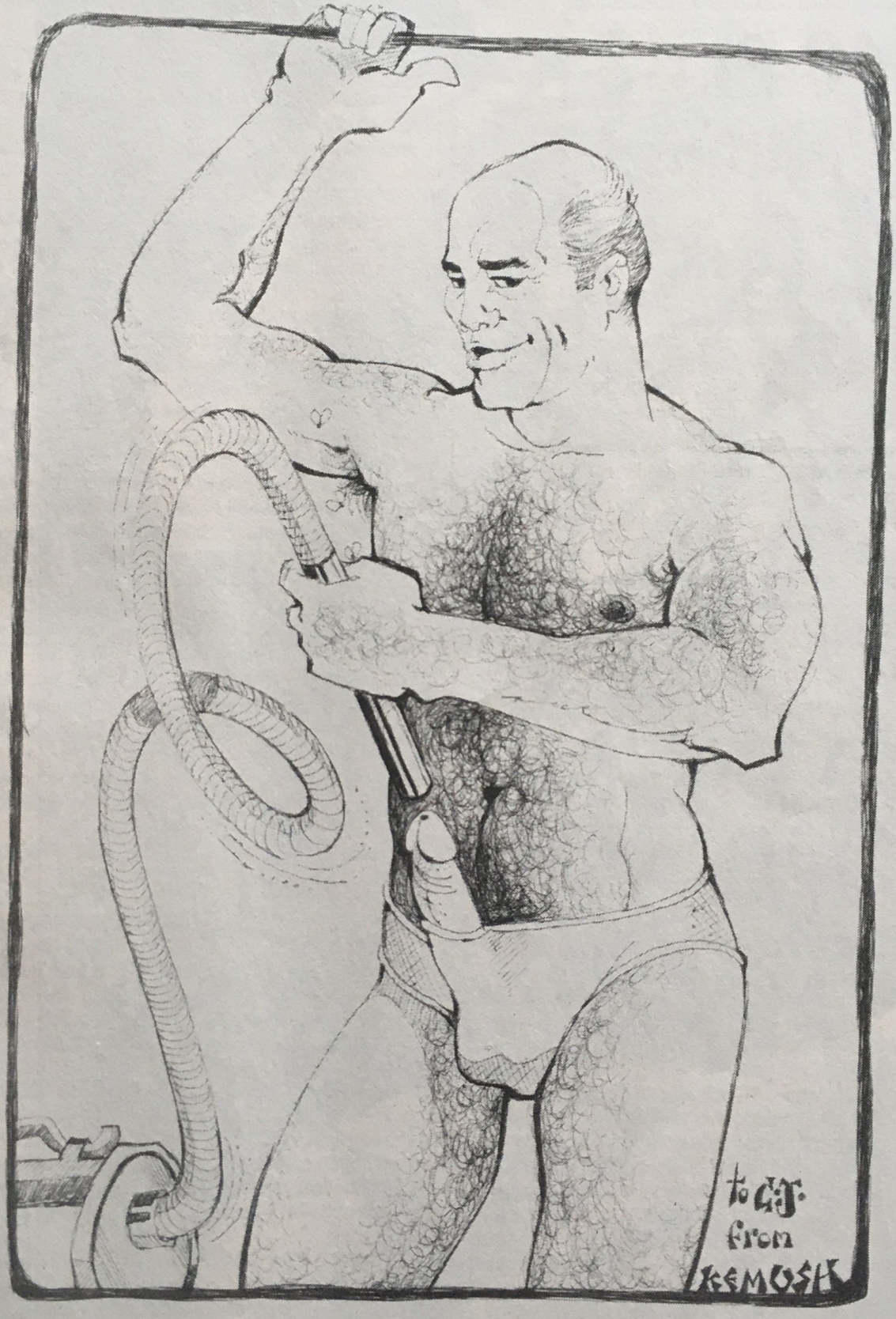
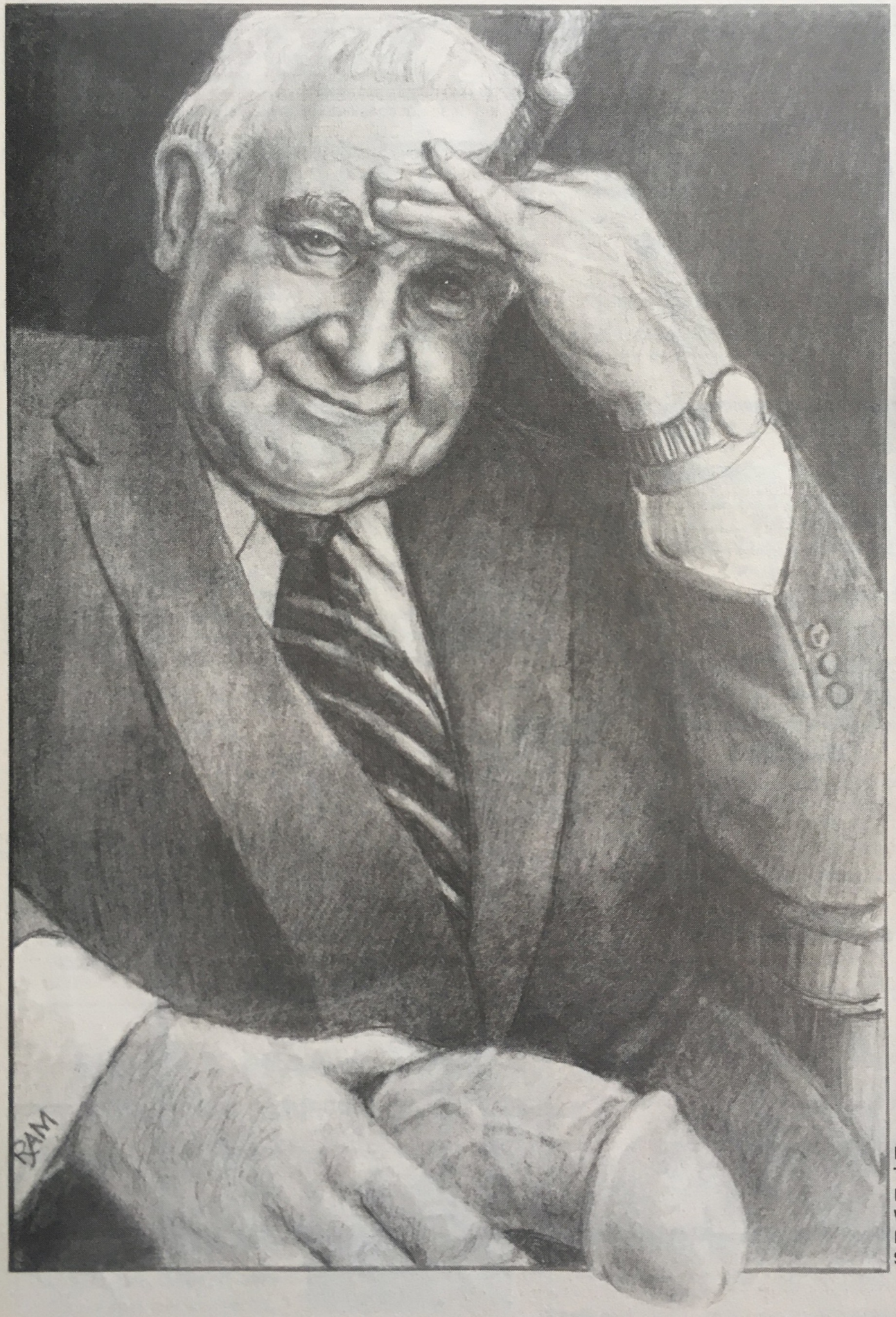
KEMUSH, CONTINUED



This is KEMUSH's version of model C.J.'s June '90 photo, which showed him using a hair dryer to dry his underarms. No, C.J. isn't offended. Yes, KEMUSH is deranged. He's also an artistic genius and one of the funniest men on the planet.

RAM



MY BOSS TOLD ME HIS PREMISE WOULD BE HARD TO SWALLOW . . . .

RAM hardly needs an introduction if you've followed CR for awhile. He has few peers, as you can surmise. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden and paint.

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

ALABAMA

(NS12/92) BIRMINGHAM: Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi. Black male, 31, 6'-5", 190#, seeks big, white, masculine bear for relationship. Top preferred, passionate, tall, over 220#, beard, belly okay. Well endowed a plus. Photo and phone or letter with description of likes and dislikes, please. Write: C.D.E.M., P.O. Box 321591, Birmingham, AL 35232.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NS2/93) SEEK TOTAL TOP for lasting monogamous relationship. I'm 61, HIV negative, attractive, tall, trim. Always horny for total submission. Need authoritarian, any age, sensuous, into dominance, control and power. Photo appreciated. DW, P.O. Box 472, Mill Valley, CA 94942.

(12/92) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: GWM, 44, 5'-9", 165#, black/brown, beard, hairy, average hung, HIV negative, versatile, very oral. Seeks mature men, 45+, for friendship/relationship. Any weight or size. Photo appreciated. Write: Brian, P.O. Box 424065, San Francisco, CA 94142.

(12/92) CENTRAL/NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 38, 5'-9", 185#, grey-brown hair, blue eyes, clean-shaven, professional, active private pilot, physically fit, adventurous, seeks clean-shaven 50-70-year-old man of courage, dignity, respect and honor for companionship and possible relationship. Photo appreciated. J. Bacchus, 372 Florin Road #129, Sacramento, CA 95831.

(2/93) I'M AT THAT AWKWARD AGE: GWM, 37, 6'-1", 160#, salt & pepper hair and mustache, smooth. Too old for some, too young for others. I seek hairy, mustachioed men, 45 plus (and plus!) for romance and fantasy. Please, California men only. I live on the Central Coast and would love to meet someone "in the neighborhood." Your picture gets mine. Have leather, will travel! Write! **BIFF**

(2/93) SILVER HAIR, CONSIDERED CUTE: GWM, straight acting. Me: in late 60s, look 53, feel 40, HIV negative, 5'-7-1/2", 165#, proportioned build, firm body, good health, dependable. Have secure, lovely view home, Bay Area California. Not into gay bar scene. Enjoy travel; theater; restaurants; humor; quiet, affectionate, romantic, loving evenings at home; and mutual, safe bottom play. I'm a nonsmoker, not into drugs or alcohol. You: younger, with qualities similar to above and wanting to commit to long term loving relationship. Your picture and phone gets mine. **SINCERE**

(2/93) BAY AREA: 23-year-old graduate student, recently out and a "virgin," seeks mature, stable, masculine friend to teach me about gay life, outside the bedroom more than in. If you are between 35 and 60, hairy, bearded, and anywhere from ex-powerlifter build to just plain stocky, I have love to share. **SEBASTIAN**

(4/93) SERIOUS IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Non-drinker, non-user, 50, fit, and fond of well-endowed, over 50, who are self-sufficient and healthy. I'm looking for good friends worldwide with the possibility of a good relationship. Hobbies include watching college athletics, collecting nude male photos, and watching attractive men. I'm an occasional model: 5'-9", 180#, hairy, bearded. If interested, write with photo to Mickey, P.O. Box 228, Knightsen, CA 94548.

(2/93) GBM CUB SEEKS WM BEAR: Masculine, bearded, GBM, 31, 6'-3", 220#, HIV negative cub seeks very masculine G/Bi/WM top daddy bear, 50-65 years old, around 6 ft., solid, burly, big-bellied, 250-300#, very thick bearded, hairy, blue-collar/trucker/biker/businessman type, HIV negative, for male bonding, watching football, etc. Bald a plus. Reply with photo (if possible) to: C.B., P.O. Box 21633, Concord, CA 94521.

(12/92) MARCH ON WASHINGTON: Seeking male

companion, any race, 18 to 55, for March and sightseeing, April 20 to 27. We meet in Washington. I pay for room and all meals. We share same bed and frequent intimacies. I am very senior GWM, sexually active, HIV negative, writer/artist. Write and send photo (returned) to: **COUNTRYMAN**

(4/93) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Masculine, sometimes dominant GWM, 55, balding, greying, 6 ft., 205#, facial/body hair, professional, seeks over 21, any race, who is at least sexually submissive. We're both affectionate, stable, HIV negative, nonsmokers, don't use drugs, and drink rarely, if ever. Write: J. Allen, 3145 Geary Blvd. #354, San Francisco, CA 94118.

(2/93) SEEKS RELATIONSHIP NATIONWIDE: Attractive 69, GWM, Daddy, 5'-8", 157#, seeks total involvement with 18-45 Son who prefers "MAKING LOVE" on permanent basis. Romey, 537 Jones St. #1297, San Francisco, CA 94102.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(12/92) CENTRAL COAST PROFESSOR: GWM, 67, 5'-8", 175#, 6.75", moderately hairy, seeks an empathetic, affectionate young man, hopefully to live with or near. Blond or Asian a plus. Write: Prof., P.O. Box 12142, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(12/92) HIGH DESERT ABOVE PALM SPRINGS: Masculine Hispanic man, 56, 5'-6", 185#, healthy, easy-going, sincere, romantic, passionate, good sense of humor, very oral. Likes to have fun with men 55+ (no limit). Prefer heavy men. No kink or pain. Write: **THE LATIN**

(NS4/93) EUROPEAN: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 145#, looking for older guy, 50+ for friend and more--someone who is clean-shaven and in good shape and who likes to hold and touch and be loved. Write: **EUROPEAN**

(12/92) TON TON: Black, looking for friendships, lovers, etc., educated. Seek GWM, GLM, GBM (Jewish a plus). I'm 6 ft., 160#, smoker, light drinker. Love to cuddle and kiss and try to be a good lover. Age no barrier. I like things artistic, intellectual, VCR, records, etc. Write: David W. Brown, 5593-12 Village Green, Los Angeles, CA 90016.

(2/93) ORANGE COUNTY: I am 5'-9", 165#, brown eyes, salt & pepper hair, honest and sincere, Omar Shariff look. Seeking 55 and older, 185 to 210#, 6 ft and over, honest and sincere, masculine, mustache, beard, and red or silver hair for possible relationship. No drugs. HIV negative. Call (714) 472-8667. Ask for Zee.

(2/93) JAPANESE IN SAN DIEGO: 48, 5'-5", 140#, HIV negative, semiretired, easy-going, sincere, love travel and theater. Wishes to meet heavy-set, 50-68, top (preferably), white male. Will answer all replies. Please write with photo to: **LITTLE TOKYO**

(2/93) FRIENDSHIP FIRST: BWM, 29, 6 Ft., 180#, good looks and fit, masculine, secure in mind and wallet, extra clean and discreet, like travel, cars, motorcycles, pool, beach, workout, etc. Seeks stocky RUSSIAN BEAR, MOUNTAIN MAN or KARL type as buddy. My first and ever! Write with photo, please. Write: **CORVETTE JIM**

(2/93) CALIFORNIA-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 59, 5'-7", 145#, grey/brown, blue/green, boy-sized with one inch foreskin, passive. Like aggressive, mature tops, any size, shape, race. Couples welcome. Write: Larry Berthelsen, P.O. Box 90935, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-0935

CONNECTICUT

(2/93 BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 48, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(12/92) ABE: You've seen my ads, artwork and photo in the past. If you're older, sexy, hung and masculine, write me. I have a lot to offer. Your photo gets mine. Abraham D. Serrato, P.O. Box 33001, Washington, DC 20033-0001.

FLORIDA

(12/92) FLORIDA KEYS/NATIONWIDE: I need a lover, friend, companion and confidant for a lifemate. I want someone who has the same need and who would like to buy or start a small business with me. Location is not important, but love, happiness and success are. I'm 59, 5'-10", 190# and very healthy. I do not smoke. Photo, please. Bruckman, P.O. Box 431835, Big Pine Key, FL 33043-1835.

(12/92) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still a lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 66. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota FL 34236.

(12/92) PALM BEACH: Mature GWM Bear (50), seeks young (to 27) GWM. No B.S., no head games. Relationship is sought. Prefer straight-acting, handsome, good-looking, intelligent, all-boy-scout-attribute male. Must be loving, caring, warm, humorous, shy, clean-cut. Me: Entrepreneur, easy going, 5'-10", 230#, black/hazel, 8.5" cut, top, HIV negative, X BB. Into computers, simplicity. Well-travelled, multi-lingual. Prefer tights bods, workout partner, lover, friend, lifemate. Drop me a note with pic. Let's talk. I'm tired of being alone and want someone to love and grow with. S.C., P.O. Box 3392, Palm Beach, FL 33480. Phone: (407) 881-8095; Fax: (407) 881-0358.

GEORGIA

(8/93) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 62, 5'-6 1/2", 245#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

(12/92) ATLANTA BIG BEAR SEEKS NEW FRIENDS: 6'-5", 300#, 30, non-drug/smoke. Likes long walks, cuddling, dogs and making new friends. Older, furry gentlemen a plus! Drop me a note. Photo appreciated. Write: Ted, P.O. Box 8194, Atlanta, GA 30306.

(4/93) WANTS LOVER IN ATLANTA: GWM, 54, 5'-10", 195#, hairy, Greek passive, wise, artsy, teacher/writer, homebody, nonsmoker, wants 35 and under, sharp, affectionate, down-to-earth. Jim, Box 2158, Decatur, GA 30031.

ILLINOIS

(12/92) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250 pounds plus and well-endowed. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

KENTUCKY

(2/93) FRANKFORT: Blind man, age 61, looking for pen pals. I am 5'-8" and weigh 215#. At present I live in the country, but will be moving. My address below will not change, however, as it is my reader's address. Write: HughHampton c/o Bob Cook, P.O. Box 885, Frankfort, KY 40602.

LOUISIANA

(2/93) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, 6'-2", 180#, brown/hazel, mustache, masculine, postgraduate, active. Homebody, but enjoys travel, theatre, sports. Seeking long-term relationship with GWM (serious couples considered), 50+, nonsmoker, clean-shaven, weight-conscious, sexually versatile, honest, free to travel/relocate possibility. Your photo gets mine. **YANKEE**

MARYLAND

(NS4/93) MARYLAND: James, please keep in touch with me. I miss you very much. Love, Jonny 7.

(2/93) STILL LOOKING: WM, 60, 225#, 6 ft. Interests: swimming, reading, gardening, computers (new user), videos. Seek 30 and up, who are into nude, warm cuddling, kissing, caressing and caring. Am very oral. Photo appreciated. Write: Don, Box 1185, Emmitsburg, MD 21727-1185.

MASSACHUSETTS

(12/92) OLDER HEAVY MEN: GWM, 30, 5'-11", 250#, conservative, French active, Greek passive (safe), wants to contact mature men, husky to heavy, 45+, for friendship and/or hot times. Relax while I service you. Grey, balding a plus. I travel often. Penpals welcome. Photo, phone supplied after initial contact. All responses answered. Photo appreciated. Write: Senior Support, 5 Manmar Dr. - Ste. 494, Plainville, MA 02762.

(8/93) CHEST TO CHEST/CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 43, 5'-11", 180#, mustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

MICHIGAN

(12/92) MASCULINE "CUB": 28, 5'-9", 240#, heavy built, blond, versatile, furry, seeks "Papa Bear" for hopeful lifemate. Attracted to huskies, 30 to 60, furry, BUT OPEN! Relocation discussable, especially to a farm. Write/photo: Mike, P.O. Box 615, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804.

(12/92) S.E. MICHIGAN: Youthful retiree, 5'-7", 190#, blue eyes, brown with grey, balding, hairy chest. Enjoy music, cards, travel. Like sucking tits and cuddling. Seeking senpals 40+, under 200#. Seeking travel companion for summer, fall 1993. Send descriptive letter. Photo appreciated. **DEWEY**

MISSISSIPPI

(12/92) NEAR NEW ORLEANS. EARLY 60s: Slender top, not bad looking. Seeks good-looking, overweight, over-40 lover or visitor. Must like Scotties. State height, weight, phone, and include photo for reply. Tom Horner, P.O. Box 2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39521.

MISSOURI

(12/92) MIDWEST/NATIONWIDE: WM, 6'-0", 200#, brown/blue-green, masculine, assertive but gentle, sensual,minimum body hair, HIV negative, healthy, uncut 6", secure,educated, professional, very discreet, retired, independent, livesalone. Seeks college students up to 70. Photo appreciated with letter. Joe H., P.O. Box 9931, St. Louis, MO 63122.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(2/93) PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE: Masculine couple, early 40s. Discreet, easy-going. Seeking mature men for friendship and safe sex. **FOX HUNTERS**

NEW JERSEY

(10/93) SEEKING LONELY TOP: who wants friendship and affection. Masculine BiWM, 64, 5'-11", 165#, good body, good mind, dignified, caring, discreet. Interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual, intellectual. Me: Loyal friend, very affectionate, Greek passive, HIV negative. You: Enjoy controlling erotic responses. Ken (201) 592-6690, evenings and weekends.

(12/92) ESSEX COUNTY: GWM, 55, 6'-2", 190#, HIV negative, 7", college graduate, had beard but now clean-shaven. You: Live in 75 mile radius of Northern New Jersey, be a retired, older gentleman who might like me to visit him after getting acquainted by mail. Write: Carl Vance, P.O. Box 1436, Maplewood, NJ 07040.

(2/93) JAPANESE WARRIOR: Oriental, 31, 6 ft., 180#, very athletic, professional, looking for sincere friendships with WM, over 35, medium to chunky, bulk-built, eclectic interests from classical music to motorcycle cruising. All answered. Photo not necessary. Pen-pals welcome. Write to Peter, 56 Upper Brook Court, Parlin, NJ 08859.

(12/92) CENTRAL NEW JERSEY: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 230#, balding/grey, blue/glasses, clean-shaven, hairy body, educated, veteran, nonsmoker, clean, gentle, affectionate. Seeks nice, smooth, slim, any race, 20s-40s. Like NYC, classical music, ballet, opera, history, genealogy, quiet times. Tom Schultz, 212 Baldwin St. #5-B, New Brunswick, NJ 08901. (908) 828-5649.

NEW YORK

(12/92) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 44-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, mustache, 190#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(12/92) LONG ISLAND/NY METROPOLITAN AREA: Bi-WM professional, 37, 6ft, 175#, conservative, clean-cut, clean-shaven, healthy, masculine and trim, seeks friendship and possibly more with a Bi (married okay) or GWM professional, 45-60, who is also conservative and WASPish in appearance, trim, clean-shaven, masculine and discreet. I am sincere, enjoy sports and quiet times, and am not at all into the "gay scene," bars or anything kinky. Please send letter, photograph (or photostat--either will be returned upon request) and phone. Write: **ESQUIRE**

(2/93) RAIL BUFFS: Quiet type, over 50, slim, HIV negative, French A/P, JO, happily remembers learning about it all very young through a railroad station glory hole and still loves train travel. Like to hear from rail fans and others who will give locations around the country of such things as porn movies, which are fun spots. Write: **RAIL TRAVELER**

(6/93) WANTED: COMPANION OVER 60! GWM, 42, 6'-1", trim, hairy, masculine, nonsmoker, non-promiscuous, health-conscious (HIV negative), romantic, caring, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, self-respecting and dignified gentleman, 60+ for companionship and passionate, monogamous relationship. Any area. Detailed letter and photo essential. Write: Steve, Box 591, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(4/93) STRONG SENIOR WANTED: Manhattanite, looking nationwide for mature, 65-80, stocky, muscular, rugged, heavy-chested man, but if you are white-haired, husky and distinguished type, I will flip over you, too. I am a 51-year-old, 6 ft., 180#, 7", wavy-white-haired, debonair executive. Photo, please. **THE ECONOMIST - NEW YORK**

(12/92) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Oriental, 28, 6 ft., 170#, good-looking, well-educated, HIV negative, seeks 60-70 gentlemen for correspondence, friendship and more. I have great respect for mature men. Enjoy travel, arts and music. Prefer straight-acting. Photo appreciated (will return upon request). Write: A.P., P.O. Box 1761, New York, NY 10009.

NORTH CAROLINA

(12/92) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50 TO 80): A clean, discreet, nonsmoking and dependable GWM, 5'-8", 200# football coach is looking for a cuddly, short grandfather type who could use some preferential affection. Prefer clean-shaven, mature man of any profession, or retired. I can do some traveling and I can accept visitors. Photo a must (will return). Call (704)873-2702, or write: Coach Al, 768 West End Ave., Statesville, NC28677.

(4/93) NORTH CAROLINA: Affectionate bear cub, writer, artist, 25, 5'-10", 270#, brown/blue, with reddish-brown beard, moderately furry. Looking for brother bears and papa bears for warm friendship, affection and . . . ? All letters answered and correspondence welcome. Your photo/phone gets mine. All

you need is to just be you. Write: Fuzztone, 300 S. Sharon Amity Rd. #304-D, Charlotte, NC 28211.

OKLAHOMA

(12/92) **BURLY** STILL RUTTISH AND SEARCHING! I appeared on the back cover of Issue #46, and am looking for a husky to heavy-set, 55+ years, GWM, masculine fellow who is interested in getting to know a heavy-set, 41-year-old, masculine exec. I am smooth-skinned, hazel eyes, 5'-11". I love travel, books, movies, cars and LOVEMAKING. I am very versatile, affectionate and honorable. Please write with photo. All replies answered. D.B.R., P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502.

PENNSYLVANIA

(12/92) PITTSBURGH AREA: Gay Hispanic male, 27, 5'-5", 150#, shy, intelligent, seeks clean, masculine, mature GWM, 30-50 and in good shape (weight proportionate to height) for fun and friendship. Beard, moustache a plus. No smoke, drugs. Photo appreciated. E.M., Box 243, 4885-A MicKnight Rd., Pittsburgh, PA 15237.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(2/93) SOUTH CAROLINA/NATIONWIDE: Bi-WM Daddy, 45, 6'-1", 200#, masculine, healthy, horny, clean-shaven, cigar smoker, professional engineer, seeks balding, masculine, cigar/pipe-smoking Papa for friendship, hot sex, long-term relationship. My interests include horses, farming, railroads, antique cars. Penpals and travelers welcome in 45-85 age bracket. Write: **BIG ED**

TEXAS

(12/92) SEEK YOUNG MALE: I seek friendship now, maybe more later. I'm very healthy, no diseases, clean, professional, attractive (I'm told), virile as though I were 18. Write. Send photo if possible. Jim, Box 190665, Dallas, TX 75219.

(2/93) TEXAS HILL COUNTRY: Seek an exclusive, but not live-in, relationship with a LONE WOLF, BUD TWO, MOUNTAIN MAN, MACK type in the Texas Hill Country. Married okay. I'm very oral, 62, 190#, 6'-1", HIV negative. Photo and phone get immediate reply from **LONE COYOTE**

(10/93) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 47, stocky, nice-looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up - no limit! Especially like white hair and/or mustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

UTAH

(2/93) GWM, CUDDLY, WARM, LOVING: Looking for same. I'm 61, 5'-10", hazel, salt/pepper. Enjoy massage, kissing, French A/P, movies, travel. Married but looking for confidential encounters, friendships, possibly more. Write: Liebchen, P.O. Box 526031, Salt Lake City, UT 84152-6031.

VIRGINIA

(2/93) SEEK OLDER TOP: GWM, 33, 180#, 6 ft., brown/brown, mustache, masculine, healthy, in-shape, HIV positive with good equipment. Live in semi-rural area. Looking for top men, 40+ to give expert service, French passive, Greek passive, W/S, rimming. I travel East Coast and accept visitors. Photo/phone gets mine. Write to: James, P.O. Box 898, Ridgeway, VA 24148.

WASHINGTON

(12/92) VANCOUVER AREA: Couple, 65 & 35, both stocky, wants to meet other intergenerational couples for friendship, camping, dinners and fun. Couples like DENNY & BIG MAC a big plus. So write already. **SEAMUS & LAYTON**

(4/93) SPOKANE AREA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Black teddy bear, 61, 190#, 6 ft., seeks white teddy bears, 40+ for friendship, etc. Interests include traveling, classical music, opera, theatre, museums, reading, safe sex, cuddling. In Europe every summer. Write: Jim, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004.

(10/93) NATIONWIDE GM WANTED: GWM, 59, 5'-10", 230#, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, a bit furry. Sense of humor requested. Looking for lifemate. Enjoy travel, theatre, cuddling. Must have own income. Straight-acting son wanted. Jim, P.O. Box 241, Montesano, WA 98563.

WISCONSIN

(12/92) WISCONSIN: Bi/W/M, 33, 5'-8", 135#, HIV negative, cut, hazel eyes, brown wavy hair, bearded, profoundly hard of hearing but can speak fluently. Also fluent in American sign language, too. Loving, warm-hearted, sharing, kind, honest, fun, active, workout weight lifting, sense of humor, very spiritual, into crystal, new age, great Indian hawk spirit, metaphysical, meditation, amateur actor, dancer, computer, dining out, movies, travel, theatre. Greek active, French active/passive, little S&M. Do not do drugs, smoke or alcohol. You: Bi/gay Indian American, white, Greek passive, French active/passive, open mind in 360 degrees understanding, loving, strong, outgoing, willing to learn how to sign language, long hair, crewcut or totally bald, beard, mustaches or clean-shaven, have earring on ear or tits or tattoo, well-built, age 50s to 75, workout, dining out, movie, travel, theater. No heavy drinker, smoke, drugs or kinky. 7" or more, uncut, thick, big balls (prefer but not a must). Must be open and closed relationship or friendship. Willing to relocate to warmer climate in the future. Send me picture. Phone is required. Write to: **HAWKMAN**

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)

(2/93) YOUNG, HUNG, HORNY IN VANCOUVER: GWM, 28, 5'-11", 140#, blond, 9" cut, HIV negative. Seeks over-40, balding, stocky, hairy, overweight, hung men. Clean-shaven preferred. Men like television's Ed Asner or CR models like MICHAEL OF GERMANY. Enjoy men in suits and leather, maybe lite S & M. Seeking a top man. Seeking a relationship, but friendsare great. Photos please. Write: **ROOKIE**

(12/92) AUSTRALIAN: GWM, 67, nonsmoker, physically fit, mentally alert, would like to hear from under 55, any race, especially blacks. Interests: classical music, travel, sports, theatre. Would love to host visitors. Don Dudgeon, P.O. Box 44, Bomaderry, NSW 2541, AUSTRALIA

(12/92) ENGLISHMAN: 64, 6 ft., 170#, nonsmoker, enjoys art, gardening, etc., bald-headed, moustached. Seeks friends, as visiting U.S. in 1993. Photo please. John, 253 Queen's Park Road, Brighton BN2 2XJ, UNITED KINGDOM

(12/92) CR's THE TRAVELER IN EUROPE: GWM, 40, 160#, touring Europe May '93. Seeks correspondence with grey-haired, 60+ mature models in Germany, Italy, France and Switzerland. Willing to visit and take photos for magazine in exchange for possible overnight lodging. Write to: **THE TRAVELER** (29 cent postage per 1/2 ounce)

(2/93) AN AMERICAN IN GERMANY: GWM, 53, living in Wurzburg, Germany, desires contact with single or couples. European residents and travelers of any nation welcome. Warm and friendly. Write: **OCTOBER** (29 cent postage per 1/2 ounce)

[PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing him. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else. If the advertiser refuses to return photos, please let us know.]

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

PUBLICATIONS

Little magazine of true male sex experiences. $3.00 to RANCH,P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064. Please state that you're over 21. (8/93)

VIDEOS

Private collector selling male VHS videos. Mainly older types and way over 18. Free lists. Box 172, Pequannock, New Jersey 07440. (12/92)

MATURE-FRIENDLY SOCIAL CLUBS - BIG MEN

Girth & Mirth of Chicago, Box 14384, Chicago, IL 60614

Girth & Mirth of Los Angeles, Box 19520, Los Angeles, CA 90019

Girth & Mirth of Seattle, Box 9936, Seattle, WA 98109

Girth & Mirth of New York, Box 10, Pelham, NY 10803

Girth & Mirth of San Francisco, 176-B Page St., San Francisco, CA 94102

Girth & Mirth of Detroit, Box 39523, Redford, MI 48239

Girth & Mirth of San Diego, Box 86822, San Diego, CA 92138-6822

Girth & Mirth Twin Cities, Box 4288, Hopkins, MN 58343

Southwest Men at Large (SMAL), Box 25951, Tempe, AZ 85285-6129

Northwest Bears, 1202 E. Pike St. #802, Seattle, WA 98122-3918

Great Triad Men, Box 38032, Greensboro, NC 27438

Golden Gate Connection, Box 2328, Daly City, CA 94017

Girth & Mirth--Deutschland, Stephanstrasse 11, D-5000 Köln 1, GERMANY

Girth & Mirth of Germany, PLK 046136C, D-1000, Berlin 42, GERMANY

Girth & Mirth - Belgium, B.P. 1514, B-6000 Charleroi-1, BELGUIM

CLUBS FOR MATURE MEN

PRIME TIMERS, P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652 (512) 282-2861. Clubs are located in major cites from coast to coast and in Canada. Call or write Woody Baldwin for the club nearest you.

S.A.G.E. OF CALIFORNIA, INC., P.O. Box 4071, San Diego, CA 92164. (619) 282-1395. A social and support organization for senior gays and lesbians. Not affiliated with SAGE of New York.

ARTWORK FOR SALE

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID - Original artwork for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Inquiries Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025.

UNUSUAL ARTWORK - original paintings of nude men of color and Bigmen. Write: KEMUSH c/o CR.

THE ARTWORK OF CALIBAN - original Bigmen artwork for sale. Write: CALIBAN c/o CR.

DON'T MISS THE FALL/WINTER '92/'93 ISSUE OF

CR CLASSICS

FEATURING OUR NEW NOVEL,

REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR

"*REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR* is unlike any novel I've ever read. Having recently consumed the original version, *BARNEY*, last published in January of 1988 (it was serialized from the first issue of SWAN back in 1986), I was quite surprised at my reaction to *REDEMPTION*. Colley's transformation as a writer is astounding. Oh, the *BARNEY* version is good, all right. In spite of its lack of professional editing and depth of characterizations, it is erotic, provocative and very satisfying. *REDEMPTION*, on the other hand is all those things, complete with impressive polish and extraordinary characterizations . . . and much, much more. In the lead character, Barney, I see myself when I first became a widower and realized that my life would have to drastically change in order for me to find deliverance within the allotted time I had left. And who the hell knew what that would be? Time means everything to Barney. It's valuable, and there is precious little of it to devote to trial and error. He has to go with his gut and keep moving until his 'heart approaches what it yearns' and finds a home. I weep for and laugh with Barney as he finds all of it out the hard way. *REDEMPTION* is an about-face from *SANCTUM, MOONFINCH, ZONES* and *KNOWING SATURN* in that Barney has no dark side of his psyche to explore, no heart-pounding, terrorizing struggle to endure. A basically decent senior citizen with a healthy libido, he already knows what he wants but doesn't know how to go about getting it. There are pitfalls everywhere and even one life-and-death situation, but he brings it all on himself in his zeal to find his . . . redemption. As usual, Colley knocks your socks off with an unexpected plot twist and an ending that will have your tongue hanging out and your cock leaking that nasty stuff that stains trousers. Don't read it at work." EXOCET/Newport Beach

"*REDEMPTION FOR THE SATYR* is one of the most enjoyable books I've read in some time. Barney is a composite of so many men I've met and admired. He's honest, masculine as hell, naive, and terrified of dying before he finds his true love. On the one hand, he wants to keep that dream in focus, but on the other, he figures that there are a million cocks he's yet to have. There are countless books about lovable nymphos whose appetites get them into trouble, and there are a lot of gay 'satyr' novels featuring young men. But never have I seen this type of novel featuring an older man. It's only fitting that it's one of the best." OCHO/Chicago

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

Is an enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast house perched atop a mountain in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking views of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571.

IN CLOSING

BIG MAC & DENNY, BONDED FOR THE LONG HAUL

There hasn't been a dull moment around Casa de Luna for quite a while now. On September 13th, our good friends, models BIG MAC and DENNY, exchanged union vows in a small ceremony presided over by model/writer REV. BOB ARTHUR (aka BOB FIVE). It was an intimate gathering of the couple's best friends, and the ceremony was approached in a unique, very moving manner. It really reflected the style of these very special men who have been known to fearlessly hobnob and gain the respect of the meanest bikers on Hogs. What makes them even more exceptional, however, is the sincerity, loyalty and positive energy they bring to all their relationships, close or casual. We wish them joy, good health, wealth and peace for the long haul.

BIG MAC & DENNY **photo by RICHIE II**

52 MODELS?

We've been blessed with a huge quantity of photography these past months, and photos were beginning to back up. At the rate new photos were coming in, we figured that some guys would have to wait a year to see themselves in CR. We were also getting a lot of requests for more photos of previous models, too, so we decided to start doing more photos. That's why you're seeing less dramatic blow-ups now and more same-size shots: we want to give everyone a chance at finding that special someone as soon as possible. Life is much too short to have your photo languishing in a file for a year.

PAPA BEAR & BABY BEAR CELEBRATE NUMBER ONE

Time flies when you finally find someone to fill the void. It seems like only a month has passed since PAPA BEAR told us that a young man from the Midwest was moving in. We sensed how important the move was, but PAPA BEAR was a little bit apprehensive. After all, he'd been lonely and disillusioned for so long and, like so many mature men, figured that his life was essentially over. Well, not by a long shot! As anyone who attended the '92 CR GATHERING at Russian River can confirm, this match was made in heaven.

We were therefore quite honored when they called and asked if they could celebrate their first anniversary with us. They arrived on October 22nd, and we threw them an intimate anniversary brunch on the 24th. In attendance were DENNY & BIG MAC, ZIPPER & NIPPER, WOLVERINE, BOB FIVE & Darrol, RICHIE II, KENN RICHIE, long-time supporter Ying-da, and BAREKAT with his new love, Sonny. It turned out to be one hell of a party that lasted about 12 hours! By the time PAPA & BABY BEAR left early Sunday morning, they were dragging their asses.

THE '93 CR GATHERING IN ORLANDO

We don't mean to labor the point, but we can't stress enough the importance of registering for this shindig as soon as possible. The rumor about it is going around like a Southern California firestorm, and we're concerned that some of our contributors, VIPs and subscribers might not get the first pick. That's why we're mailing out this issue to subscribers before we distribute to wholesalers and retailers. Take advantage of this head start by getting in your registration immediately.

AND SPEAKING OF 1993

As of this writing, we have no idea who will have won the election. Regardless of the outcome, we hope that things start to get better for our less-fortunate readers. Here's hoping for a better year ahead for all of us.

Happy Holidays!

Pat and THE FRIAR

ANNOUNCING THE CHIRON RISING GATHERING 1993

AT ORLANDO, FLORIDA, JUNE 3 THRU 7

You asked for it and now you have it: a full-fledged gathering at our own private (provided you sign up soon) 120-room all-gay resort, complete with a gala cocktail/dinner party, an outdoor hospitality "suite" under a tent on a lakeside beach, and an opportunity to meet all your favorite models, writers and artists. All the staff will be there, too. Because of the great demand, we've opened the Gathering up to all our friends world-wide. You do NOT have to be a contributor or subscriber. All readers are invited.

REGISTRATION: After you've read about this momentous occasion and decide that you want to go, you must register with CR and obtain a registration number. That done, our Gathering Coordinator in Florida will send you a confirmation with all the information on the resort and the credentials you must bring with you in order to gain access to the functions. You will not be able to make reservations at the resort or attend the gathering without registering. Of course, you're welcome to stay anywhere you like and still participate by paying the registration fee, but you'll be missing out on some incredibly low lodging rates and a lot of spontaneous excitement—if you know what we mean. Included in the registration fee (see reverse) are a private, surprise-filled get-together at 1:00 p.m., followed by a gala cocktail/dinner party on Saturday evening; continental breakfasts on Friday, Saturday and Sunday mornings; nonalcoholic beverages during the day; and a few other surprises to make this gathering one that you'll never forget. Free transportation to and from the airport will be available to a limited number of early bird registrants. Not included are hotel accommodations, optional tours/activities, and transportation for the optional tours. Orlando offers many attractions such as Disney World with Epcot and the Magic Kingdom, Universal Studio, Sea World, MGM Studio, plus short one-day trips to the beaches at Daytona and the Kennedy Space Center. Those interested in any of these activities need to indicate which ones, and arrangements can be made at the resort.

RESORT RESERVATIONS: Attendees must make their own reservations at the resort, which will be the Parliment House Motor Inn in Orlando. You must identify yourself as being with the CHIRON RISING GATHERING 1993 and state your registration number. The minimum number of persons per room is two; the maximum is four. The special double occupancy rate per room is $45.10 per night ($22.55 per person per night). For three or four to a room, add $11.00 per person. These are special, discounted rates and good for whatever your length of stay. Those men attending alone must accept the roommate we assign you. If we cannot find you a roommate, you'll have to pay the full rate. Specify smoking or nonsmoking. The Parliment House, "the world's largest and most famous all-gay resort and entertainment center," offers all air-conditioned rooms and efficiencies, each with two double beds, CATV and telephone. There are four bars, a disco, a 24-hour restaurant, shops and 24 hour security. Outside, there is a large pool, a white, sandy beach on Rock Lake, a picnic area, a volleyball court and ample parking.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS:

Thursday, June 3 - Early arrivals; greetings and socializing under the tent at lake shore; free time; dinner on your own.

Friday, June 4 - Continental breakfast at the tent; full breakfast/lunch on your own; continued arrivals; free time for optional trips/sight-seeing; dinner on your own.

Saturday, June 5 - Continental breakfast at the tent; full breakfast/lunch on your own; meeting at 1:00 p.m. inside the resort theatre with some surprise speakers and entertainment; cocktail party at 6:00 p.m., followed by an alfresco dinner under the stars; evening free to enjoy the hotel facilities.

Sunday, June 6 - Continental breakfast at the tent; free day for optional trips/sight-seeing, socializing all day at the tent; dinner on your own.

Monday, June 7 - Departure/farewells time; breakfast on your own.

WELL, HOW DOES IT ALL SOUND? SEE REVERSE FOR REGISTRATION APPLICATION AND SEND IT IN BEFORE THIS MUCH-ANTICIPATED EVENT IS SOLD OUT!

CHIRON RISING GATHERING 1993
JUNE 3 THRU 7, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

REGISTRATION FORM

NAME:_____ TELEPHONE: ( )_____
ADDRESS:_____
CITY:_____ STATE:_____ ZIP:_____

REGISTRATION FEE SCHEDULE:

Early Bird (Deadline: Postmarked no later than February 27, 1993)	$ 55.00
Sleepy Bird - subject to availability. (Deadline: Postmarked no later than April 30, 1993)	$ 65.00
Sitting Duck - subject to availability. (Deadline: Must be received no later than May 20, 1993)	$ 75.00

Circle amount enclosed, make your check or money order payable to CHIRON RISING, and mail, along with this completed form to: **CHIRON RISING, P.O. BOX 2589, VICTORVILLE, CA 92393**

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS:

List names of those who will be sharing your room. Total number in room:_____
Names: 1._____ 2._____
3._____

If you are attending alone, specify the type of roommate you desire: _____Nonsmoker _____Smoker. (Note: we cannot guarantee your choice. Please exhaust all means to find a desirable roommate before you register.)

I will not be staying at Parliment House. I live in the Orlando area: _____. I will be staying elsewhere: _____.

OPTIONAL TOURS:

Please denote any interest in the following optional tours. Disney World, Epcot ( ), Magic Kingdom ( ), Sea World ( ), Universal Studios ( ), Cypress Gardens ( ), Kennedy Space Center ( ), The Beach ( ), Other: _____. The cost of tickets vary, but the average price is $35.00 per person per day. This does not include transportation to and from the attraction.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE INFORMATION:

(For those who wish to take advantage of the limited free transfers to and from the airport.)
ARRIVAL: Airline & flight no. _____ Time: _____
DEPARTURE: Airline & flight no. _____ Time: _____
(IMPORTANT: DO NOT FINALIZE TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS UNTIL YOU RECEIVE REGISTRATION CONFIRMATION.)

I certify that I am twenty-one years of age or older and that I will abide by all the Rules and Regulations pertaining to the Gathering. I will not hold CHIRON RISING, its staff, the Gathering Coordinator, or any of the facilities used during the weekend liable or responsible for any loss or injury to my person or property or for any of my actions—intentional or otherwise. I understand that animal pets are not allowed. I will not bring or use any non-prescription drugs during this celebration.

Signature: _____ Date: _____

ORDER FORM

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bi-monthly issues of CR and two semi-annual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bi-monthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bi-monthly issues of CR and one semi-annual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES -three bi-monthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	S.A. & EUROPE EXCEPT U.K.	U.K. & ELSEWHERE
1992: #48, #50, #51	1.50	3.00	4.00
1992: #52	3.00	5.00	6.00
CR CLASSICS - SEMI-ANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES			
FALL/WINTER 90/91 (SANCTUM)	2.00	4.00	6.00
SPRING/SUMMER 91 (MOONFINCH)	2.00	4.00	6.00
SPRING/SUMMER 92 (KNOWING SATURN)	2.00	4.00	6.00
FALL/WINTER 92/93 (REDEMPTION . . .)	8.00	10.00	12.00

NOTE: We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand, which are mailed via Air Mail Correspondence rate). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

[4864Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE:
SIGNED:_____
NAME:_____
ADDRESS:_____
CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____

PERSONAL CLASSIFIED AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #54(FEB 93) NO LATER THAN DECEMBER 15, 1992

Personal ads are 30 cents per word. Minimum order - $10. Codewords *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)* are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year). On a separate sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then attach it to this properly completed form. If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues
YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (if you are not a subscriber)_____
_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____
Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____
Telephone Verification (if applicable) @ $5 (One Time Charge) _____
TOTAL REMITTANCE (U.S. funds only) $_____

We reserve the right to alter, re-write or reject any ad we feel is not in the best interest of this publication.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.
(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

J. J. II

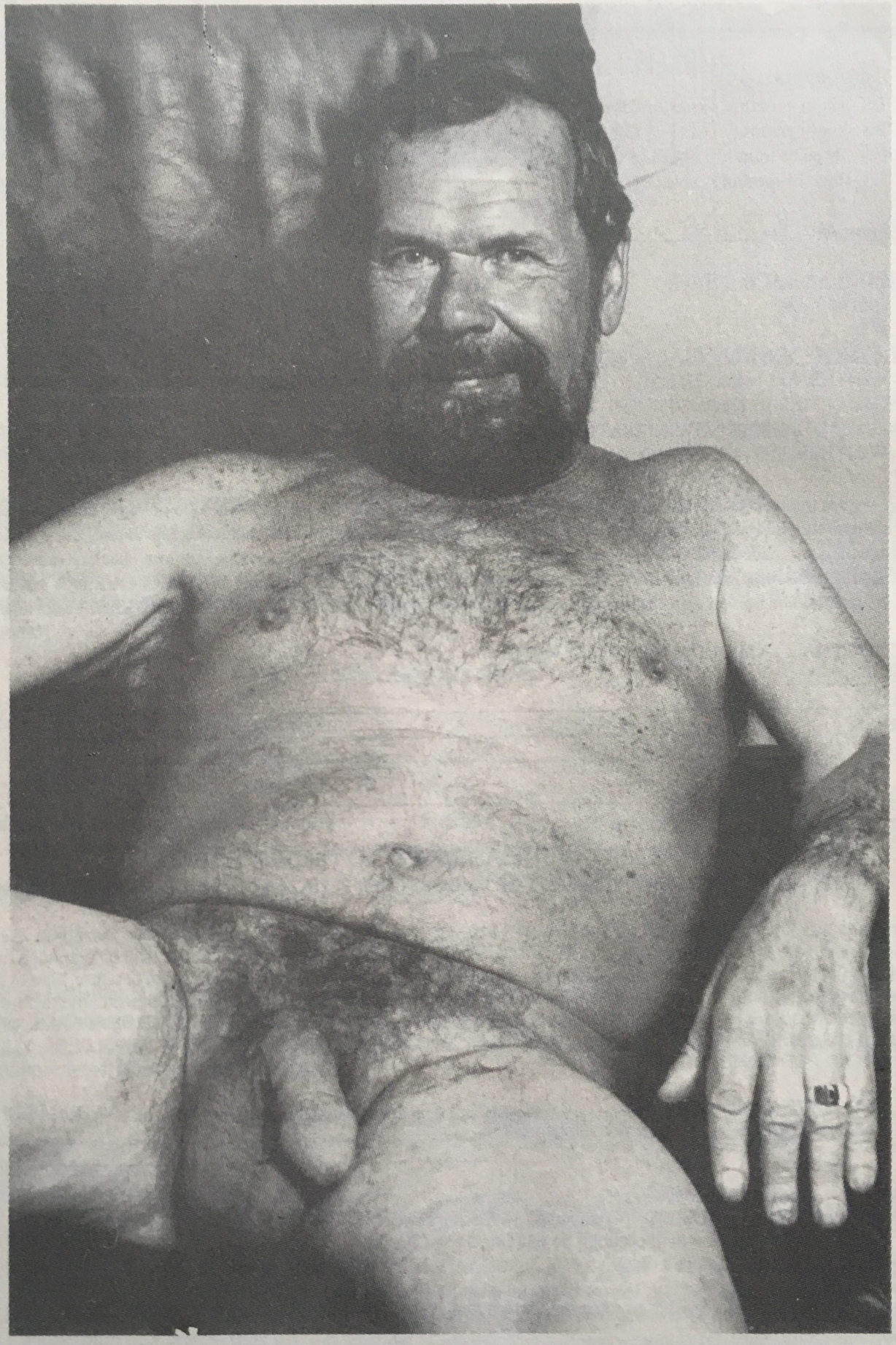
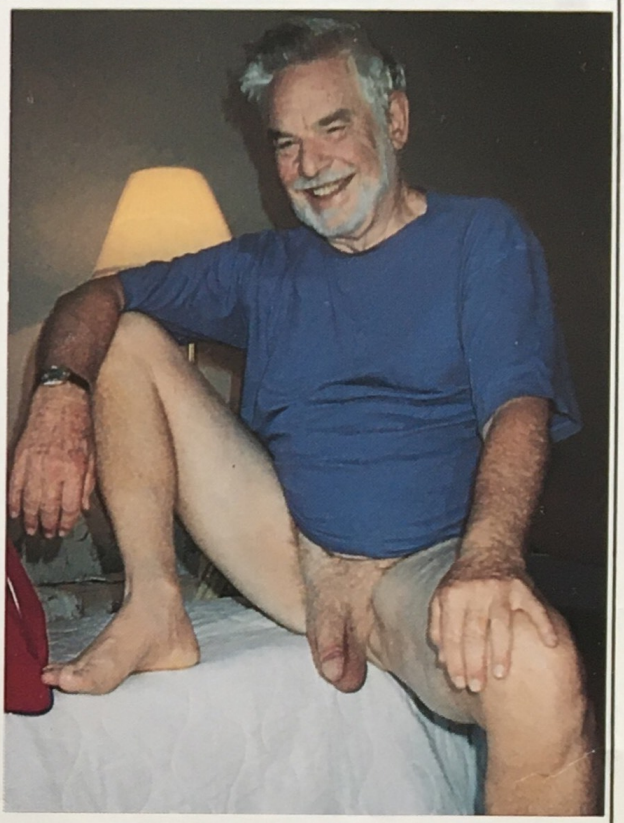


PHOTO BY DENNIS

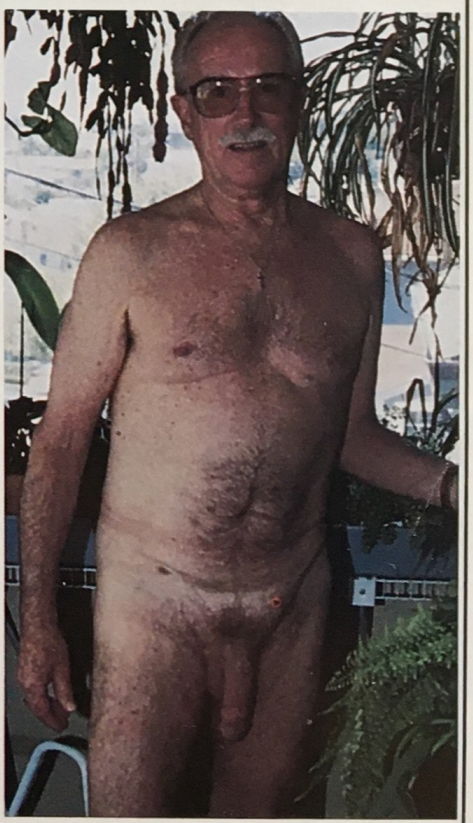
J.J. II is semi-retired from the travel industry and lives in San Francisco. He's shy but naughty and nice . . . and all man. This Polish-American Virgo enjoys the company of mature, hairy men.

DON & TIM
photo by G. VERBEDIAN



BUTCH
photo by JOEL

SCOTT . . . photo by TRAVELER



ROMIE . . . photo by ELMER DEMING

ARNIE

PHOTO BY OSCAR